The Journal of the Kumbakonam College Literary Society.

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Editorial.

The Fashion of beginning every number of the journal with an editorial article cannot fail to remind one, of the English custom of saying grace before meat. The curious reader has a rich repast of intellectual dishes daintily arranged before his longing eyes and is filled with chagrin to find at the outset the impertinent interruption of an editorial between him and his feast. "When I have sate at rich men's tables" says the immortal Elia, "with the savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable." But custom is inexorable and must, like a wilful old woman, have her way. No wonder then that the office of pronouncing this journalistic grace is "bandied about among several, each not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders." But some one must say it, or the feast cannot begin; and by the mere efflux of time and turn, the nowise pleasant burthen has fallen on my shoulders, and I must

out with it as briefly as I can. I am aware that even the shortest grace will be regarded as an infliction unless, indeed, it is so cunningly devised as to give the guests an idea of the sumptuous dinner which is to follow. But this is obviously impossible as the menucard of the page of contents has already done it. In this, as in other things, our forefathers were wiser and rightly ordained that grace should come not before the meat but after it. When the appetite has been stilled into silence, the guests feel themselves in harmony with the world, and are graciously inclined to tolerate even the longest of sermons.

The editorial article is like the king's speech in Parliament, and should survey, in stately and solemn phrases, the achievements of the past, and. on broad and oracular lines, outline the prospects of the future. In this capacity, the editor has to glance at the life of the college in the interval of time that has elapsed since the last number and to anticipate the activities and enjoyments which are to follow in the near future. If this is a correct interpretation of his duties, the present editor may well congratulate himself on his good luck in being able to review a series of pleasant functions and to look forward to even more brilliant enjoyments. The Annual Regatta held the other day was a splendid success. The weather which had at first threatened us, cleared in time; the sky was bright, the river was full, and the races were gone through smartly and in right form. Mr. Littlehailes, the Director of Public Instruction, graced the occasion with his presence and great must have been his delight to find his 'Stella' among the winners. The different literary and scientific societies of

the college have displayed a lively interest in their respective work as will be readily admitted from a perusal of the reports of their inaugural addresses. The sneering critic might perhaps say that they bear testimony to the talents not so much of the members themselves as of the lecturers. But the future record of what the members intend to do in the portion of the year which still remains, will, we feel assured, give the lie direct to him.

The reorganisation of the College Library has almost come to a close and there is every prospect of its resulting in greater usefulness and efficiency. The Library Hall is now a veritable Temple of the Muses. Henceforward, the devotee of learning making enquiries for an author need not return disappointed at the librarian's inability to find his whereabouts. Each writer has been awarded not only a name but a local habitation. Not only the street but the number of the house and of the flat which he occupies has been registered. Even the veriest tyro of a librarian, will, in future, be able successfully to hunt up any author, be he the most obscure in the land of letters. The General Catalogue and the sectional indexes which are now in the making will throw their searchlight into every nook and corner of the Library and reveal wherein our resources are rich, and what in them requires reinforcement. A part of the Library Hall has been set apart for the Reading Room where the latest reviews and magazines invite the perusal of the reader with their tempting wares.

It was a wise decision to have the Old Boys' Day in term time so as to enable the Old Boys to meet the

New. This year's celebration under the Presidency of M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. Appu Sastriar Avl, the veteran educationist of Southern India and one of 'the Oldest Boys', of the College, was a brilliant event. The scene brought vividly into the spectator's mind the picture of the elder sons of the family who had gone into the world with the inspiration of the *Alma Mater* coming back to her and showing their interest in the young ones now under her fostering care and encouraging them with their love and their example. We heartily congratulate the organisers on the success which attended their efforts.

The devil's advocate stands up and says "Enough of this selfcomplacency. Let us have the record of your work in the direction of the University Territorial Corps. When the Madras Colleges have already formed their platoons and begun their training, and when the sister Colleges of Trichinopoly are earnestly contemplating the formation of three platoons, (1½ for the St. Joseph's, 1 for the S. P. G. and ½ for the National College), is it not a matter for reproach that the Kumbakonam College with its reputation for manly games still lags behind, and shows nothing to its credit?" It must be confessed that our students have given room for this sneer. We can only hope that they will show themselves worthy of the high traditions of the College by a strenuous endeavour to make up for lost time. On the importance of joining the Corps, it would be superfluous, not to say, impertinent to say anything here, as the eloquent appeal of our Principal, of Rao Sahib Mr. T. K. Hanumantha Rao and of Mr. N. Raghava-

chariar is still ringing in our ears.

"Winter is approaching," says a kindly dealer in woollen fabrics in the columns of "The Hindu"; but certainly not with its gloom so far as we are concerned, for it is the delightful season of our histrionic activities. As in previous years, we are to have dramas in three different languages. Already, the College Halls, heretofore busy seeking the truths of Science in their darkest and most abstruse recesses, have become resonant with the more genial strains of music and the language of the Muses. The men of the cloister will soon demonstrate that they could be men of the world if they chose. Is not art the meeting place of the College and the crowd? The actors have begun their rehearsals in right earnest. Urvasi's celestial songs are heard issuing from the heights of the College Tower, Malavika is learning to trip it on the light fantastic toe, and sage Hermione is striving to bear, with queenly wisdom and dignity, the voice of base slander and suspicion.

When we turn from the affairs of the College to the larger world of our University, it is gratifying to note that the widening of the egress out of the Intermediate and the B. A. courses, and the boon of the additional September sifting have yielded satisfactory 'results', and reduced the congestion and the heart-burning considerably. A far greater-change affecting the course and constitution of the University is impending, as the University Bill is likely to gain admittance into the statute book at no distant date. A discussion of the pros and cons of this measure is for beyond our scope at present and we do not propose to enter into it. Besides a promise is a promise and must be kept. We will not stand any longer between the reader and his refreshments.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Transfer.

Mr. K. V. Subba Aiyar, M.A L.T., our Lecturer in English was transferred to Chengleput as Asstant. Inspector of Schools about the beginning of the second term. Mr. Subba Aiyar was for a long time a member of the Editorial Committee and we thank him for his various services in connection with our Journal.

We welcome Mr. K. S. Vaidyanatha Aiyar, M.A.L.T., who has succeeded Mr. Subba Aiyar as Lecturer in English. We are glad to note that our new lecturer who was till lately the Principal of the Coimbatore College is taking a good deal of interest in the welfare of the students and within the brief period of his stay has endeared himself to one and all.

The College Union.

This year the inaugural addresses of the various branches of the College union were delivered by the following gentlem en:—

Literary Society	...M. R. Ry.	R. Satagopa Aiyangar Avl.
Historical Section ...	,,	V. Natesa Aiyar Avl. *—
M. & N. P. Section...	,,	S. Sreenivasa Rao.
Sanskrit Samajam...	,,	K. Sundararama Aiyar.
Tamil Sangam ...	,,	L. Sreenivasa Aiyar.

On 11 9-22 Rev Father Cartey of the St Joseph's College deliveredа lecture on "The Industrial Democracy" under the presidency of Rao Saheb P. Ragagopla Aiyer.

On 4-10-22, M. R. Ry. N. Raghavachariar Avl. delivered a lecture on the 'Industrial Democracy from the point of view of the Consumer' as a reply to Fr. Cartey's lecture. The lecturer ably pointed out that the only solution of the problem is to be found in the Co-operative movement.

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*. Presided over by H. G. Gharpurey Esq. M. A., I. C. S. Collector of Tanjore.

On 16-10-22, a debate on parliamentary lines was conducted on 'The influence of Western civilisation on India'. Mr N. Ramachandran of the (IV) Class opened the debate and Mr. S. Balaramen of the (IV) Class led the opposition. Mr. R. V. Chokalingam was the speaker and Rao Saheb. P. Rajagopala Aiyer Esq, acted as the polling officer and a scout in uniform was the sergeant-at-arms. There was a hot discussion for about two hours, several students taking an important part in it. Mr. S. Raghavachari of the fourth class brought forward an amendment to the effect, that western civilisation is partially conducive to our welfare. When votes were taken, the original proposition was lost since the amendment was carried by a large majority.

On 30-10-22 Mr. S. Sreenivasa Rao, M. A. L. T., deliverd his second lecture on Einsteins Theory of Relativity (The first was delivered as the inaugural address of M. and N. P. Section.) The lecture was throughout interesting and humorous and the abstruse theory was made as intelligible as possible.

Games.

This season has been a very busy one in the field of games. In August our Basket Ball team had been to Tiruvalur, where it met the High School Team and the match ended in a draw. But in the return match played in our college grounds, our team won a decided victory by seven goals to three.

In October our Hockey team visited Cuddalore and met the Police team and in the match that ensued our college suffered a defeat since it was held in the Deepavali season and some of our best players could not be present.

The Fourth Annual Regatta and the distribution of prizes.

The fourth annual Regatta was held on Monday 9th of October under the patronage and in the immediate presence of R. Littlehailes, Esqr. Director of Public Instruction. The races included singles, fours, pair-oars, and sculling, and the following were the winners in the various events in the fina ls,

Swimming ...	1st Prize	Rao Bahadur V.A Vandayar Medal.	C. A. Gopalan
Float Race ...	I do.	,,	K. R. Ramaswami.
	II do.		R. Subramanian.
Canoe Race Singles. ...	Senior.	Medal.	T. S. Ragavan.
	Junior.	,,	K. S. Chellappan.

	Senior.	Junior.
Fours ...	C. A. Gopalan.	G. Venkataraman.
	P.M.Chokkalingam	C. J. Satagopan.
	M.C. Rama Wariar	P.N. Kuppusamy.
	Gopalasamy.	N. V. Srinivasan.

Sculling. ... Medal. S. Mahadevan.

After the regatta was over, a meeting was held for the distribution of prizes, presided over by the Director. Mr. Littlehailes in giving away the prizes to the winners in the boat races and in the various events of the college Sports, congratulated the winners and also hoped that the members of the staff would take an active part in the games, as he himself did while in the Presidency College. With a vote of thanks to the chair the function terminated.

Obituary.

With deep regret we note the death of P. R. Sivasubramaniam of the (IV) Class. The deceased was a bright student of the history section and was the only son of his aged parents, which makes the calamity all the more miserable.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.*

Mr. Chairman, Professors of the Staff, and my dear Students:—I must say I feel rather abashed by the amount of kindness that has been shown to me this afternoon. I had almost repented of the decision to go down here. I felt that I had been too bold in accepting the very kind request ofyour Secretary to deliver a lecture. Owing tosome little troubles, I have been prevented from accepting the invitation earlier. I must say that the very kind reception I have had here has done away with all other feelings, but that of the spirit of brotherhood and sympathy, which your Principal and our President has so much emphasised just a awile ago, On the other hand the way in which I have been received, and the way in which I have been addressed by the Secretary makes me fear that there are expectations, which I shall not be able to satisfy. Inspite of it, I feel I have to say a few words on some subject or other—nothing very particular, not a lecture as some of you perhaps might expect it. I do hope, however, that if I fail in your expectations, you will sympathise with me instead of accusing me.

I said I would say a few words about 'Industrial Democracy.' What is the meaning of it? There may be two meanings attached to it. Of course, industrial democracy may mean democracy, which is industrialised, or industry, which is democratised. I won't go to the first part. I don't mean to say that a democracy

* Rev. Father Cartey's Address under the Auspices of the Historical Association delivered on 11—9—22,

is about to be, or ought to be industrialised. One thing the student of the Intermediate Class must know—examples of democracy that were not industrial. But now it remains for us to see whether there is a link between industrialism and democracy, that is, whether industrialism, modern industrialism can be or ought to be democratised? Now what does it mean? Of course democracy, you know, implies rule by the people for the people. And applying this notion of democracy to industry, somehow it will mean that democracy should be run on lines, which are for the people, and by the people concerned. Who are the people concerned in industry? We may say everybody is; either as producer or as consumer we are all interested in industry. Still, industry, so long as it is industry, of course implies primarily the producers. And to put a further limit to the subject, I might say, I speak especially of that form, that special aspect of modern industry, which we call industry on a large scale, or the capitalistic form of industry. And the question is, is that industry, capitalistic industry, is it democratic, can it be democratic, or ought it to be democratised? I believe we shall have to come to some conclusion, more or less on the side of the last question, and it is good to see the steps through which we can proceed about it. It is a very complex and a very momentious question.

We have had a tremendous war of late, and I do not know whether the industrial problem is not more severe than the political problem, that was at the bottom of the war itself; or whether after all the war itself was not mainly based on that economic preblem, which

I try to face to-day. So when we speak of industrial democracy the question is, whether iudustrialism on a large scale is run for the benefit or by direct control of the people connected with it? I might say that political economists of the purified school would answer emphatically 'yes,' because they would say industry on a large scale is run on such methods, or with such results, that all the people connected with it have their due share, their due influence, and their due reward. But who are the people connected with industry? We might say they are the owners, they are the managers, and they are labourers: Owners of capital, whether liquid or permanent, managers of industrial factories, labourers of all types and skill. Now they say all these have their due reward; therefore industry is democratic in the sense, that it is run for the benefit of its own people, and by their own efficiency. To the owner of material wealth there comes the reward of rent, to the owner of capital there comes the reward of interest, and to the owner of labour there comes the reward of wages; so everybody has a right to be gloriously satisfied.

This is the easy-going solution of the Classical School. Now the question is whether or not this answer is satisfactory? And they will say it is, because these various rewards to the various agencies of industry are well apportioned that it is almost like, answering a law of nature. There is a beautiful law, the Law of 'Supply and Demand' and they say that by means of this law, which is as sure as the law of gravitation, everyone obtains just what he deserves: if not more than he

deserves, ought not to go less than that. Is that a correct interpretation? Taking the problem in its most acute stage the question may be this. Has industry democratised in the sense that industry profits the labourer, which is the greater class and is managed by the labourers. The answer first will be that the labourers get their own salary. That salary, we are told, is settled by forces, independent of men and which works all the better, the freer they are left from any control by men, or government, and the rest of it.

Several solutions for the problem of wages have been put forward. The student of Economics will have heard the solution of the 'Wages Fund Theory' or the solution of the 'Baden Theory' or the 'Marginal Productivity Theory,' given in beautiful words, which can be beautifully expressed in finely printed books, but which I am afraid are far from the practical solution. Let us take what we may call, the more advanced, the more perfect book solution of that problem of wages—that wages are the discounted marginal productivity of labour. What does it mean? It amounts to saying thus; the labourer is paid according to the productivity of his labour. If he produces more, he is paid more, if less he is paid less. And he is paid according to the margin, because there is a certain assumption, which may be false, that there is a certain margin, which guides the principle of rewards of those that are within the margin, because they are people made on the same mould with equal qualifications as labourers, and they will be paid exactly the same wages, if they make exactly the same work. That mathematical exactness

may sound well in Economics. In real life now, is it really true, thatthe labourer is paid according to his deserts? Does that express the practical truth?

In answering that question we have only to put the further question, "Can any one, the best manager of the best firm, say exactly what is the special amount of productivity of one of his thousand labourers within his firm? It is all well in theory, but the assumption supposes that the work done by the fourth man is exactly the same as the fifth man would do. All this is very fine in pure theory, but in practice, we have a factory with, say, 200 men, and we add one or two more and make it 201 or 202. What will be the final out-put, the additional work made by these two men? All that we ultimately come to know is the total influence, which a total amount of labour has over the productivity of the special firm. We know what the labour on the whole, in the firm can do or does. But as to calculate exactly what the individual does is almost an impossibility, whereas we are still told, that the labourer is paid the discounted marginal value of his work. There is in theory again a parallel between the payment of wages to the labourer with the payment of cash by the banker, to whom we bring a bill for discount. The banker cashes the bill, but keeps a portion to himself and when the bill comes to maturity, he draws a part of the full value of the bill to himself: That is how he discounts it. So they say the money paid to the labourer does not really pay the whole productivity of the amount of his labour, but the whole productivity minus discount, which must be subtracted between the value of that labour and the value of that

labour as expressed in present money. Present money, they say, is equal to that of future money. Therefore let us say 95 Rs today are worth as much as 100 Rs next year. Hence 95Rs will bethe proper pay ment for a bill, which you would bring to the banker, and which he cashes for 95 Rs and this after a few months' waiting would get him 100 Rs.

Thus in the same way we pay the labourer for the work, the productivity will come next year and the future value of which will be greater than what we pay him now. The maturity of the bill is the total productivity, and the present worth is the wage. But how vague the whole process? I should say how impossible to calculate it? Let us take another example, that of the Panama Canal. There were workmen, engineers, capitalits, and hundreds of men of all denomination, and all degrees of skill, who worked according to settled wages. The payment of wages is a settled one, some high, some low, but anyhow all fairly well-paid. Shall we say that the pay, which they received, is equal to the productivity of their labour minus the difference between the future and present value of money? Whatsoever be the productivity of their labour, this productivity along with the machinery has brought about the opening of the Canal, and the passing of endless number of ships. The 'huge economic profits made by steamers and so on, by the shortening of the routes across the world, are not for one year or two but may be eternal. What will be the calculated value of the productivity therefore of machinery and labour, that have brought about such vast amount of economic wealth. That huge amount of economic wealth is the result of the produc-

tivity of both the labour and capital employed. Who can really say that the wages, however high, that were paid to the engineers and their assistants in the making up the Panama Canal were equal to that productivity, which they have created along with the capital that was in their hands?

It is only one of thousand examples to show how far really, pure economic theory has gone astray from real life, and perhaps the best way is to prove that it had gone astray from it, is to point out the social consequence of all the theories. The Classical School was practically a social revolutionary school. Socialism very largely grew up in, and was improved by this class, which unhappily still holds in many universities And what has been the result? The revolt of labour against capital, the formation of Associations of labour to battle against capital, in fact a war between two elements that should necessarily co-operate, because it is of their nature to co-operate. Labour and capital are both the two agents for the production of one and the same thing the production of goods. Unfortunately war has broken out between these two elements as a result of the nefarious theories, that have brought about not small misunderstandings between the classes, but brought about the most unimaginable disadvantages on the side of labour to the great advantage of the capitalists.

We cannot shut our eyes to these facts. Of course I do not allude to any particular person, or to any particular factory, but to the whole modern economic, industrial world. We have gone wrong lamentably, and

we have gone so wrong that the issue of it is only a social war, unless we find some practical solution of a peaceful nature. And that social pacification must be found on lines advantageous to the labourer. It is therefore, because labour has not been sufficiently interested, it is because it has not been given its proper reward in a work, in which it is an essential element, that modern industry on a large scale suffers deplorably now. If that is the evil what must be the remedy?

Naturally let us go back to the ethical principles, that have remained at the basis of economic science; It is now that the world has realised not only the stupidity (if you allow me to use such a word) but also the wickedness of the tendencies of the classical school, that are held to have nothing to do with ethics, but by having nothing to do with ethics, have brought about this social revolution. We must go back to ethics, *i.e.*, we must go back to justice. Justice must be done to labour, and justice has not been done to labour so far. It may have been done in particular cases, but I take the general problem in its broad aspect. We have had the determination of the wages, the rate of interest, the rate of profits in particular, made in such a way apparently so refinedly accurate, but really so drastically remote from agreed facts, that we have now to build up again. Naturally the first thing that claims our attention is labour, since it has not been given its due share in the industrial world, in which it forms an important factor. We must put in those things that will help towards it. Industry should be for the benefit of labour.

What do they want? What should be given to them? Let us say not the fine equilibrium wages, but plainly the '*Just Wage*.' Only the question is what is the just wage? When shall we have the just, and when the unjust wage? Economists study the question of wages and fix the price of commodities to a certainty: The study of the problem has made known, that the price of a commodity is settled by the force of supply and demand; that is where the demand is great the price will rise, where the supply is great price will fall, where the demand is small the price will fall down and so on. What is true of commodities in general is to a certain extent true also of that commodity, which wecall labour. If we have plenty of labourers offering themselves for one and the same task, it is natural that increased competition will bring down the rate of wages, and when there are few labourers the result will be an increased rate of wages. With plenty of labourers wages will be low, with scarce labourers wages will be high. Is that absolutely true? There is a limit and that limit is proved by the principles of ethics. When we say that the more we multiply a commodity the cheaper will it be we are correct, because by means of large-scale production, the prices can be brought down.

But with regard to labour pay, the wages of the workman, it is not in the same way true to say that the pay of the labourer can thus go down continuously. And why can it not fall? Because man has a right to live, therefore man has a righ to a 'living wage'—a minimum beyond which no man has a right to go. In all text-books labour is compared to a commodity.

Suppose a firm that is making fountain-pens, while fountain-pens were sold rather dear, but as fountain-pens are being multiplied all over the world, the very multiplication brings down the price of the fountain-pen, and the price, while still covering the costs, will be to the advantage of the producer as well as to the consumer. But there is one commodity the price of which cannot be lowered below a certain lower minimum, and that commodity is human labour ; and that lower minimum is the living wage. I don't mean to say that the living wage is ₨ 20 or 40, neither can we give figures for living wage at different places and at different times. I do not mean to say that by living wage the labourer has the right of bringing up wages as much as he can, whenever opportunity occurs, by any means, when it is not necessary. For example we have had very sorrowful examples of labour going to such methods after the war, when there was prospect of wages low ringe down in the world-market, though it was impossible to sell and make profits of any form. They had gained such power during the war, that the labourer in several industries urged for higher wages. I do not mean to justify that class of things.

When I speak of a just wage, I mean that wage, which will sustain in decent honesty the individual, both in his individual and social life, the wage, which helps the normal individual to live his proper life. Now the normal life of the individual is the married life, therefore the normal situation of the labourer is that of a head of a family, and therefore the conclusion is that by principles of justice, the living wage must be the family wage

(Hear, Hear). Man is born to live in society and normally he lives in society. Now he and his family have a right to live. All of them have a right of their own life, and therefore to the means of sustaining it. That life is normally associated with wife and children; therefore the social aspect, which is an essential part of it, has to be considered in the working activities of the individual. And if the individual is for himself and his family, then the wages, which he gets, should procure for him the means of sustaining his family. If it does not, then injustice is done to him. What will the poor manager of a firm say? He will say, he gets married and has so many children; I have not money enough to pay the individual, how shall I pay for the wife and children? A Latin Proverb has it.

(No one gives what he has not got). But I take the stand where we should take it, namely in the industrial world.—The large-scale industry, the capitalistic industry,-where large profits are made too often by a few individuals, who amass large fortunes at the expense of poor families, that are struggling for life. I do not impeach the poor head of a firm, who really cannot pay more than what he has, but I do impeach that large number of greedy heads of industries, of whom the principle is always 'Make the greatest possible profits.' In my view this has been the bane of the world, this principle is galling to the moral sense.

Now no one has a right to aim at the greatest possible profits, except it be after all others interested in the same work had had their own profits secured.

No one has a right to have as his motto 'to make the greatest possible profits' but decent profits only. If everyone concerned therefore were to think like this, *i.e.*, making decent profits, then the condition will be very different from the one we have now. But because we have amongst us a few more daring and unscrupulous individuals, who start with the principle of making the greatest possible profits, the result is that in the majority of cases even honest profits, are not obtained, while there are many, who do not even get the just salary for themselves and their families, which the more ordinary principles of ethics entitle them to. That is why these ideas must be forced, I should say into the throats of anyone in this world, where there is greed. The reaction against absolute selfishness, which because it is called into question by the Classical Economists, is now to be strengthened. Hence it is that in countries, where these principles have not lost their sway, there have been practical applications of the 'Family Wage,' and I may say that the country, which has gone fartherest in this respect, is France.

In France we have already the family wage and even what I may call, the super-family wage, by a process which of course is against the principle of the manager making the greatest possible profit, but which is not against the principle of his still making good profits. Of course a single right and writes firm by itself in this competitive world is almost powerless and cannot do anything. It must be done by combinations in one and the same industry. Well, they agreed amongst themselves to start a common fund in order to help the

labourers, who had a family and to help them in proportion to the size of the family. How could they do it? How is it possible? By everyone putting something that will be a part of their profits, let us call it a 'Human Sinking Fund,' which may be both human and humane-capitalists have thought of the sinking fund for the sake of the machinery and the human beings they had employed as well. It is based on very ordinary principles.

Each firm is asked to give a certain percentage of the total amount of its wage-bill. Supposing for example that 2000 werkmen are paid, let us say, 100 thousand francs a month, the firm is asked to pay 5/. to the common fund over and above the 100 thousand francs, *i e.*, the wages bill,

By this process instead of giving a greater dividend to the share-holders, the dividend is lowered a little. The 5/. is put into the common fund. All the firms pay the 5/. of the total amount of their Wages-Bill. This rule has been drawn up more or less in the same lines, namely every workman, who has children, has to report the number of children and their age, if he wants to have an extra-help. They get their salaries as before, or the salaries are even increased for those that are married. Usually with the first child additional monthly pay is given. If a workman has one child he would receive his full salary plus 10 francs per month. Suppose he has two children he would receive his full salary plus 20 francs and so on; increasing the rates going up to any number of children. The danger is not great that there will be too many children, because in the industrial

life generally multiplicity of children is rather lessening. The additional pay given for him will be paid till the boy is 14 and then it drops. There is a limit, for children begin to earn when they are 14. Now this has revolutionised in a way the settling of wages, which has nothing to do with the law of supply and demand. Thus each firm in subscribing to a central fund helps to the payment of an extra fee, which go for the families that are large.

The problem is not so very impossible if we look at statistics. Take the case of Belgium, its population is 652 per sq. mile, while in India the average per sq. mile is 223 In the United States it is about 100. This gives you an idea of the density of Belgium population, and in spite of their density the percentage of people married and the number of children are small respectively. I find from the last census in Belgium 20 percent of the whole population were bachelors, 16| percent were married and had no child, 16 per cent were married and had only one child, 25 percent had only two three children, and 23 percent had four children and more, and yet it is one of the places most thickly populated. Taking the percentage obtained in a firm, 25 percent of the working population will require an additional pay for more than four children. The fact that the sinking fund is made proportional to the total wages bill of the firm, gives a very good fund, which allows payment for everyone of the children. In this way therefore we have found an excellent solution of meeting that problem, which I believe is crucial, that

if industry is to be democratic, it ought to be democratic, it must be capable of being worked by its own people, and the working should be for the benefit of the people, and the wage paid to the labourer must be the fair and just wage, which I call the family wage, allowing the men not only to keep the body and soul together but also allowing him to keep and rear a numerous family.

I know in some English Reviews, and in the 'Economic Review of Bombay' there was an article very recently of one firm which we call the 'Welfare Work.' This plan of welfare work implies all voluntary efforts of the employers for the comfort and improvement, intellectual and social of the employees over and above the wages paid. It is a good idea if it is to work. Now to expect the voluntary efforts from greedy capitalists is perhaps to expect more than we have a right to. I think these are fine words, but a capitalist might be satisfied with a poor minimum of comfort both social and intellectual. But this may not amount to too much. So long as we have mere voluntary efforts depending on the good-will or indifference of the leaders of industry the lot of the labourer will not be bettered. Democracy to be full, as we say in politics, is government by the people and for the people. I have shown so far that the improvement of the rate of wages, turned into a real family wage, is turning the industrial world for the benefit of the people, that is for the people.

The question further in democracy is, could not the industrial world be controlled by "the people, by the labourers in this case? That question is more delicate and yet it is a thing that has to be faced. It is coming up, and whether we like it or not, it will come in one form or other. The form that seems most ready-made is the 'Socialistic Form.' Now socialism means revolution, means the history of Russia, and if countries wish to imitate this what would it mean? But we need not despair of such thing, and I think personally that democracy is the right solution for the industrial evil. If this is so it is worth having. Now what does this mean? It means that instead of having two classes opposed to each other and at war with each other as at the present—the capitalist who owns, and the labourer who uses, the capitalist who brings, and the labourer who toils, instead of such insidous distinctions, we will have as some French Economist puts it, "the capital should work and the labourer should own." In other words the labourers over and above the wages they receive should be given a part in profits, what economists call profit-sharing.

This profit-sharing can be accumulated either in their own hands, or with bankers of the firm, till it is big enough to entitle the labourer to a share of the company. This is what is called co-operation in production, or at any rate co-partnership in production. We have seen that co-operation has been successful in the question of distribution. The question is, can co-opetion be successful in the world of industry also? And

I believe that this is the only solution that will bring about the proper democracy, namely co-operation between labourers and owners such that he who owns also labours, and he that labours also owns. After all it is a going back to the system that prevailed in the Middle Ages with its guilds and all the rest of it.

Men, who are in despair, are looking back to the guild system as a way out of the present problems. In that guild system there was an admirable connection between the men who worked, and the men who owned. The guilds were independent of labour troubles. But socialism comes in with its principle of collective ownership, but this will never do. We know our own failings, and my idea of production is absolutely the antipathy of socialism. I hope none of you will accuse me of being a socialist for having spoken in favour of industrial democracy. I am for industrial democracy, which is summed up in the words 'Labour must own and Capital must work.' These words mean that labourers also can be share-holders. This is the difference between this system and socialism.

Thus we would obtain the real remedy that our society at present requires. I wish you earnest and young men to understand the problem, and direct part of your activities towards the solution of it, and make it intelligible to all in such a way that we may think of India becoming itself a great industrial country. I wish and pray that India does not adopt the modern industrialism, which is run on socialistic lines, but that industrialism, which is based on the good-will between the owner and the labourer, because both the owners and the labourers are brothers doing one aud the same work.

(Hear, Hear, Loud cheers.)

VAALMEEKI AND HIS EPIC.

I. Traditional Accounts.

The Indian World is content to think of its first bard Vaalmeeki merely as a hallowed name, "the cuckoo sweetly cooing the sweet syllables of Rama's name from amidst the boughs of the tree of Poesy." All that it knows of the personality of the old bard is the tradition that he was descended of Brahma and that he was almost miraculously reclaimed from the life of an abandoned wretch. Instead of following the usual course of a Brahmin youth towards religion and study, he sowed his wild oats and settled at last into an outlaw's life with a woman of either a Chandala (or a savage) race in the woods. To support her and her children he had recourse to robbery on the highways. Brahma took pity on him and in the shape of a pilgrim allowed himself to fall into the young robber's hands. Nonplussed by the pilgrims's enquiry as to whether his wife and children whom he worked for, would share the sins he was committing, he ran home and put the question to his self-chosen partner in life. "Who knows how you support me and my children? Your sins be yours!" was the reply. The reckless young robber was aghast at it, and oppressed by his load of sin, sought the sage whose query had flashed the searchlight of consciousness on his soul. The sage exhorted him to repeat frequently the anagram "MARA" which would in effect come to the repetition of Rama's name, and disappeared. The "Rama" mantram could not be directly imparted as he was in an impure state. Vaalmeeki obeyed and fell into penance and meditation. An anthill grew up around him. Years after, while he was still in this state of *Samaadhi*, the divine sage Narada unable to contain the secret of Vishnu's approaching incarnation as Rama, whispered the same into the anthill, just for relief, without suspecting the presence of any

* *Delivered in substance as the Inaugural Address to the Kumbakonam College Hostel Association in July 1922.*

listener in it. Vaalmeeki emerged from the anthill, and in due course sang the history of Rama. His name means "*The Ant-hill-born.*"

The connection of Vaalmeeki with Rama's history appears in another form in the Indroductory Cantos (1 to 4) of the Balakanda. There Vaalmeeki appears as the resident of an hermitage on the banks of the Tamasa, "not far from the Ganges" of which it was one of the tributaries. Two events sent an ecstatic thrill into that small university presided over by the sage of the anthill. One of them was of the most exciting nature: Vaalmeeki invented the Sloka metre! The Vedic *Gaayatri* was a triplet of octo-syllables. The *Pankthi* was also octo-syllabic but was sometimes a quatrain and sometimes a stanza of 5 lines.* The *Anustubh*, an octosyllabic quatrain, occurs frequently in the latter part of the 10th Mandala of the Rig Veda but the rhythm was varied and uncertain†. The *Sloka* of Vaalmeeki, on the other hand, regulates and popularises the rhythm of the octosyllabic quatrain. To the world of Vedic scholars and disciples in Vaalmeeki's Asrama, and to the people of that age in general, the invention was nothing less than a revelation of the possibilities of popular lay literature. No wonder that his world of disciples "sang his new verse over and over again in wonder and exultation."

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* *See for example the song of Indra to his wife in Rig Veda 10 86.*

† *See the Purusha Sukta and Sree Sukta for examples of the 'vedic anushtubh.'*

‡ See *Balakanda. 2. 39*:

तस्य शिष्याः ततस्सर्वे जगुः श्लोकमिमं पुनः ।

मुहुर्मुहुः प्रीयमाणाः प्राहुश्चं भृशविस्मिताः ॥

The incident of the discovery of the Sloka is one of the most poetic in the whole range of the world's literature, and gives to the modern who cares, a glimpse into the heart of the holy bard who has lovingly visioned forth such sweet enduring pictures of duty, self-sacrifice, love, and piety, and has sung of Aryan princes of old who through their sincere feeling, suffering, and self-control, had attained the noblest heights of character that are vouchsafed to flesh and blood. After the visit of Narada, the sage happened to go to the river* Tamasa at noon for his ablutions, accompanied by his pupil, called Bharadwaja. They walked along the bank till they discovered a neat and sandy ford. Leaving his disciple in charge of his cloths and vessels, the sage strolled into the magnificent forest enjoying the scenery. Presently his ear caught the piercing scream of a bird, and, turning his head, he discovered aKrouncha piteously pouring forth its 'sweet cries' over the bloody corpse of her mate. He saw the arrow in the poor bird's body and the fowler creeping towards the game. Deeply anguished thereat the sage uttered a curse :

† Never, fowler, have thou fame that's fair

For slaying one of a love-bound Krouncha-pair !

Cogitating the scene and the curse on his way back from the bathing-place he was struck with the rhythm of the latter, the stanza having an equal number of syllables in the four lines with exact correspondence in their adjustment in the alternate lines. The curse that he had uttered in his grief had

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* *The Roman name for the Thames was 'Tamesis'. Was it a favourite name with the Indo-Germanic races ?*

† *This verse, according to tradition, was discovered to pronounce a blessing on Vishnu when the sage began the Epic :*

Ever, Lakshmi's Consort, fair fame have.

For slaying of the Demon, passion's slave !

taken the shape of musical verse. "Having emerged from a fit of grief (Soka) let it be called a Sloka!" exclaimed the sage, and his pupil Bharadwaja received it so and repeated it with glee. The whole circle of disciples caught it up and sang it with jubilee. The sage sat down, meditated, and composed some stories in this new metre. None of these, however, have survived. The bard and the metre were ready, and the audience were eager. Many a story had been exploited but a fitting theme had yet to be found.

The other event that I spoke of supplied the bard with the proper theme. The visit of a great personage is still regarded as an event in the placid academic world, and is sometimes the occasion of a holiday to the alumni. The Reuter and Associated Press Agency of those good old days, the divine sage *Narada, paid a visit to this Asrama—this little university conducted by Vaalmeeki who was "devoted to penance and the study of the Vedas, and an excellent master of speech." Where was a sensational occurence or a unique personage in the world that were not known to this Narada, and straightway published through his agency? The Vaalmeeki-world was 'pricked' with curiosity: What was the event of the day? Rama's successful invasion of Lanka and his return from exile. Who was the noblest person in the world of the living? Had Dharma any competent representative in human shape? queried Vaalmeeki. "I am extremely eager to know who at this present adorneth the world that combineth in him all excellences: valour, duty, gratitude, truth and firm piety; that hath high character with humanity, learning and ability with a sweet appearance, self-control with absence of envy; and that, with his shining prowess and indignant brow, daunteth even the gods on the

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* *His impartiality in carrying news even to undesirable places was often mistaken for officiousness and a love of discord. Hence the ungrateful epithet 'Kalahapriya' bestowed on him in old stories occasionally.*

battle-field." Narada exultingly replied that there was one individual, King Rama of the Ikshvaku race, who answered to that description; goodly of appearance, sweet in manners, full of self-control and of valour; and above all truthful and dutiful. To prevent his old venerable father Dasaratha from becoming *'a most pathetical break-promise'* he gave up his heir-apparency and went into exile.

There was the theme of themes! Vaalmeeki was revolving it in his mind for a long time after the departure of the divine sage, when lo, Brahma himself appeared on the scene. After receiving this rare guest with due ceremony, the sage became absent-minded and was absorbed in his own thoughts. The celestial visitor divined the cause, andexpressed his approbation: "Sing this noble theme. Nought untrue shall come out of thy lips in this work. Every thought, word, and action, even the most secret, shall be evident to thy mind." With this blessing of inspiration, the heavenly visitor disappeared. The bard was roused and determined to sing the history of Rama, the best of the Raghu race.

II. Scrutiny of Tradition and of Internal Evidence.

These introductory cantos seem to have been composed by one of the disciples of Vaalmeeki who exhorts his audience "to listen to the history of Rama composed by the great sage." It also appears that even to Vaalmeeki the story was an old one. "The events of it had taken place long long ago, and yet they have been vividly presented"* by the poet. There is also a brief record of contemporary literary criticism at the end of the introductory cantos:—That on account of the equal number of syllables in each quarter of the verse and the regularity of rhythm the epic is †fit for recitative or for song, that it is

* चिरनिर्वृत्तमप्येतत् प्रत्यक्षमिव दर्शितम् ॥

† पाठ्ये गेये च मधुरम् ॥

full of all the nine rasas (sentiments of beauty, laughter, pity, valour, terror, horror, devastation, wonder, and calm), and that it is the supreme fountain-head of inspiration for poets (*param kaveenaam aadharam*). We are also informed that it was first sung to the harp by two expert singers of the Asrama *who wore the garb of the hermitage.*

The Uttarakanda or the sequel to the Ramayana story makes the connection of the bard Vaalmeeki with the history of Rama very intimate. He it is that shelters the abandoned queen of Rama. It is his disciples that get up the Epic and sing it in Rama's court and in the sacrificial enclosure whither they had accompanied their preceptor. Vaalmeeki had heard the story of Rama himself and had known the hero personally when the latter first entered the forest with his wife and his brother.† But the incentive to the Epic came only with the visit of Narada, and the invention of the Sloka-metre.

The last 18 stanzas of the Yuddhakanda, and the whole of the Seventh or Uttarakanda (the sequel), as also the first four cantos of Balakanda (which I designate as Introductory to the Epic), seem to be the additions of a much later hand. Though the style is closely modelled on that of the Epic, yet it betrays itself by the frequency of the empty verse-filling particles like '*ha*' and '*vai*,' and by the indiscriminate employment of a favourite epithet of the bard "*paramodaara*." The frequent assertion in these that the Ramayana was the first Kavya, and that it was composed by Vaalmeeki of yore, and the eagerness to assert that the sequel (dealing with the history of Rama after his coronation) was also composed by the same sage together with the Epic, betray their own birth from a much later hand.

But whoever composed the sequel in its present form, the materials of it might have been gleaned from the traditions

† *Ayodhya Kanda, canto. 56. stanzas 16-7.*

current in the Vaalmeeki Asrama:—Besides, the story of the manner of the first publication of the Epic in Rama's own court is not strange. The scop or bard was an indispensable figure at the court of a chief or a king among many ancient Aryan nations. Wandering bards also, especially, able and holy ones like Homer or Vaalmeeki must have been welcome everywhere. Not only the sequel of Rama's story but also the circumstances attending the composition of the great Epic itself must have been traditionally handed down. Even the first four cantos of the Epic, as has already been remarked, are by another hand. They speak of Vaalmeeki in the third person, give an account of the origin of the epic, bestow a piece of discerning literary criticism on the same, and exhort the audience to listen to the same, dwelling on the merit that will accrue therefrom to listeners of the various castes respectively.

Further the Uttarakanda, makes Vaalmeeki himself say that he was the tenth son of Prachetasa (Varuna ? or one of his progeny ?). and assert before Rama, on the occasion of vindicating Seeta's purity, that " he never had uttered vain words nor known sin." A generous and yet a "severe man" (*Ugradheeh*. See Uttara 48—1). Nowhere, however, in the epic or its sequel do we find any severity in the speeches or the actions assigned to the bard. His welcome to the forsaken Seeta is full of the pure warmth of hospitality, generosity, and paternal regard :

> " To Seeta thus oppressed with the weight of grief, Vaalmeeki, the best of sages, addressed this sweet speech gladdening her as with light: Daughter-in-law of Dasaratha, the beloved Queen of Rama, and the daughter of King Janaka, thou art welcome. O pure lady ! I knew thee coming in the midst of my meditation, and my heart has discovered all the causes, and the truth about thee, for I can know what passes on the earth and in the three worlds. With the eye of penance I have known thee to be

> sinless, O Seeta! Be easy for thou art at present in my protection. Not far from my hermitage there are holy women devoted to penance. They will always look after thee, daughter, even as after their offspring. Accept this *urghyam*,* without doubt or pain of mind. Come as unto thine own dwelling, and get over thy grief."

The 93rd canto of the sequel speaks of **Vaalmeeki's arrival** at Rama's Yagnasala with his disciples.

He bids his disciples sing the great song in the hermitages and the streets of Ayodhya, and accept no money from anybody as it is of no use to a forest-dweller. If Rama should send for them, they should go and respectfully sing the hero's history from the beginning as it had been taught to them, to the accompaniment of the harp and strictly keeping time (*laya*). *King Rama heard the same "composed by the ancient sage (? *by sages of yore ?—purvaacharyavinirmitaam*), a rare poem set to music.'' When questioned by the king, the singers told him that the Epic consisted of 500 cantos and 6 kaandas, making up 24000 stanzas in all, and provided with a sequel called the Uttarakaanda. They informed him that the author, their preceptor, had come to the King's sacrifice. The King recognised them to be his own sons and sent for the sage, and requested him to persuade Seeta to purify herself before the assembled citizens of Ayodhya. Seeta followed Vaalmeeki the next day to the assembly with downcast eyes, and chanted a prayer to her Mother, the Goddess of the Earth, and begged to be taken to her bosom if she knew her to be pure and devoted

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* *Water offered to a guest to wash his hands and feet is a sign of welcome. The word signifies "a sign of honour."*

* तां स शुश्राव काकुत्स्थः पूर्वाचार्य विनिर्मिताम् ।
अपूर्वां पाठ्यजातिंच गेयेन समलंकृताम् ॥

to Rama. The miracle of the Goddess appearing on a throne supported by elephants and disappearing with Seeta in her arms, petrified all the assembly with surprise and awe. Rama grew vexed and angry but was calmed by the words of Brahma from above, that grief was vain as things were as they should be, and that it was time for Rama to know himself and the purpose of his advent to the earth. The voice referred him to Vaalmeeki for the knowledge of his future. Vaalmeeki was appealed to, and made his disciples recite the sequel to Rama and the assembled sages. This knowledge was of little help to Rama, evidently, for he shows in the remaining actions of his life, till his descent into the Sarayu river and divine transformation, as much perplexity as any other mortal uninformed of the future might show.

Such is the important part the great sage is said to have played in the events of the Epic that he composed, but everywhere the narrative about the poet is in the third person. The same canto that calls the author 'Vaalmeeki,' says that the Epic is composed by an ancient teacher or teachers. (*purvaachar-yavinirmitaam*). Even the Vaalmeeki of Mt. Chitrakuta whom Rama visits in the first months of his exile is spoken of in the third person. Most impersonal notices, indeed, if the author is identical with the sage referred to! The Tilaka Commentary regards the Vaalmeekis of Mt. Chitrakuta and of the hermitage on the bank of the Tamasa as different personages, but the other commentators seem to think that they were the same and that the sage must have changed his residence sometime after Rama's visit. Probably the brief mention of Vaalmeeki in the Epic is due to the poet's modesty, and the full and warm description of him in the sequel is due to its being the work of another. Or, are all these passages referring to the sage, later insertions from the hands of admiring descendants and disciples of the bard full of traditional memories? I also venture the conjecture that tho name Vaalmeeki was

likely to have been a posthumous title, and not the actual name by which the sage went among his contemporaries. If this is accepted, the bard of the Tamasa and the sage of Mt. Chitrakuta cannot be regarded as identical. But the name does not seem to be so common as to warrant this compacture.

The poet's own appeal to his audience at the actual begining of the story in the 5th canto of the Balakanda is brief and characteristic: "Be it listened to without spite" (*srotavyam anasuyayaa*). And he talks of the story of Rama as a tradition (*Akhyana*) in the house of the Raghus who were lords of all the earth in days of yore." He does not speak of the events as recent.

Putting all these glimpses of the bard together, we will not be far wrong if we regard the sage as having lived long after the events of the Epic. He might have had intimate relations with the royal family of the Kosalas and indeed he seems to have had intimate knowledge of the glories of cities and of royal palaces, to judge from his descriptions of Lanka and Ayodhya. This intimacy together with the composition of the Epic might have given rise to the tradition in his family and Asrama that he had been himself a dramatic person in the closing scenes of the long Tragedy of King Rama's domestic life. The stories of the visits of Narada and Brahma may, if taken with the due grain of critical salt, be understood to be a glorified version of the occasion of the Epic and its inspired character. The extreme humanity of the sage, his love of nature, his invention of the Sloka-metre and his sundry authorship before undertaking this Magnum Opus, the suggestion of the Rama-story as a fit theme for a higher flight, and his brooding over it till the proper light of inspiration dawned on his brain—these facts stand out clearly in the Introductory cantos.

The anecdotes in these as well as those in the Uttarakanda are legendary. The latter are even more so. The innumera-

ble episodes in the sequel have a strong Puranic flavour, and might have been floating traditions, in city and hermitage alike, of the first Aryan settlers in the Gangetic valley, and find a fit nucleus in the rather peaceful and uneventful leisured life of King Rama. The youngest brother Satrughna founds a kingdom for himself. The other two, Bharata and Lakshumana live on with him. The discarding of Seeta, the great horse-sacrifice, the second trial and translation of the much-suffering Queen Seeta, and the recognition and installation of her sons—these are the chief events. The discarding of Lakshmana himself (caused by a contriving of the powers above, anxious to have Rama back in Heaven as Vishnu) precedes the exit of Rama himself along with his two remaining brothers by voluntary drowning in the Sarayu. There are also a few other incidents like the punishment of a Sudra sage for doing penance in defiance of established custom, and the consequent miracle of reviving a Brahmin boy (whose death had been due to the above *adharma* in Rama's regime), and also the installation of the princes, his own sons and those of his brothers, in suitable kingdoms. Otherwise, Rama spends his days in attending to the petty routine of a zealous and principled ruler, and in listening to *tales of old* from the Rishis that came to his court now and then, and in himself telling similar tales to Lakshmana. The tales af the sages are mostly legends regarding Ravana and his ancestors. These cover nearly the whole of the first half of the Sequel, and are told mostly during the festivities of the coronation. Rama's own tales ars regarding the ancient kings of the Videhas and the Ikshwakus such as Nimi, Aila and Nriga. Here, by the way, we may note a characteristic difference between the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. The latter Epic fills all the intervals in the story with long moral discourses of various kinds and short illustrations to support them mostly of a fabulous and allegorical kind such as appear in some of the Brahmanas of the Veda. The deliberately moralising spirit is certainly much later than the mere love of story-telling. The Ramayana exhibits only a faint trace of the moralising spirit.

III. The Art of the Bard: Dramatic in Plot and Characterisation.

Whatever the value of the Introductory cantos and of the Sequel as evidence of facts relating to the Poet's life, the personality of the Poet as therein revealed, of the enthusiastic bard, the ardent lover of Nature, the pure and generous-hearted sage whose penance did not prevent him from taking a keen interest in the life of the world around him, agrees entirely with the impression created by a study of the Epic itself. An author's personality, however scrupulously he may try to identify himself with his theme, will impress itself upon his work, and can be traced in the outlook on life and its varied interests exhibited by the important characters of the story even in a Drama. A long narrative poem may be thought to afford even greater chances of getting peeps into the soul of the bard. But in the case of our Vaalmeeki (as of the Greek Homer), these chances are rare because the narrative parts are strictly narrative and carry on the business of the epic at a pretty rapid pace unless the poet is arrested by some imposing scene of nature or personality.

Even the descriptions of such scenes or persons are made dramatic by being placed in the mouths of some of the dramatis personae or by being attributed to them. The description of Ravana seated on his throne is through the impression made on Hanuman who is taken before him as a prisoner, and no more candid picture of the power and glory of an enemy can be found than that which is contained in Hanuman's thoughts on this occasion. We may take the double description of Mt. Chitrakuta by Bharata speaking to Satrughna as they eagerly approach it in quest of Rama, and by Rama showing the beauties of the multi-coloured peaks, and the lively woods peopled with birds and beasts, and the river with its sand banks and wooded shores, its lotuses and swans, and its auspicious

waters looking like the favourite lake of Kubera to his beloved Seeta in order "*to do something to please her and to beguile his own heart,*" as an illustration of the dramatic tone given even to descriptions of nature. Sometimes these are made a vivid setting for an important feat like the description of Mt. Gandhamadana both before and after Hanuman's great leap in his flight to Lanka, or like the description of the perturbed ocean and sky as he tears along the middle air with the speed of his sire the Wind-God.

Nor have I found any direct moralising on the part of the poet to help us to know his moral or political views. The almost lyrical protest against anarchy is put into the mouths of the citizens who, after the death of Dasaratha, are afraid of confusions in the country, as not even one of the princes was on the spot to wield the sceptre and protect the people. The protest against the breach of kingly dharma comes from Hanuman the messenger of Rama, and from Vibheeshna the councillor of his brother. If the wicked Maareecha does the same, it is because he fears to undertake the dangerous employment proposed by Ravana. Maareecha has been deeply bitten by the arrows of Rama, and put in fear of his life, and the very woods seem to echo the dreaded name of Rama to his ears. When his moral counsel is made light of by Ravana, then Maareecha betrays the real reason of his dislike to enter into Ravana's scheme of stealing Seeta. *viz.*, his fear of Rama. The duty of protecting a fugitive who begs for such protection is briefly dwelt upon by Rama in his decision to welcome the enemy's brother Vibheeshana, after patiently listening to the learned discussions of the Vaanar princes and chiefs.

Making allowance for the difference in plan between the early Eastern Epic which undertakes to narrate the history of a person or a clan in the order of time, and of the Western Epic which confines itself to the last phase of an action or of a person's life (crowding the preceding events into dialogue and

episode), Vaalmeeki's Ramayana may be said to be fairly dramatic in its method. Nay, if the action be examined closely it will be found that there is both rapidity of movement with a strict economy of time wherever feasible, and a vivid, dramatic intertwining of character and plot The economy and close marking of time may be seen in the hurried march of Rama's invading army, the three-days-fast and meditation of Rama, the five-days-construction of the ocean-bridge and the unabated fervour of the march upon Lanka, the siege, the thick assault, the battles and the burnings till the city of the Demon fell. The Dramatic development of plot is strikingly exhibited in the management of the intervention of the dwarf Mandara, her accidental sight of the festive arrangements for the installation of Rama as the Crown-Prince, her concern for the future of her mistress Qneen Kaikeyi and her son Bharata, the difficulty that she had in rousing the latent cupidity and cruelty of Kaikeyi in order that she might put a stop to the festivities, and the absence of Prince Bharata himself from the capital making his mother all the more eager to secure the throne for him, and giving full scope for the evil agency to work.

Another instance of this fine dramatic development of plot is the motivation of the Demon Ravana and his sister Surpanakha. The sister seeing that neither her descant on kingly duty nor her own pitiful mutilated hag-face moved her brother to any great anger, pretends that she had suffered this mutilation in making an attempt to secure the beautiful Seeta for Ravana, whereas the fact was that she had threatened to devour Seeta as she thought her to be in the way of her securing the love of Rama. Such is the bard's insight.

Still another instance of this dramatic development of the theme from character is seen in Ravana's yielding to the first rebuke of Maareecha and giving up his design on the peace of the human exiles. He resumes the plan only on hearing renewed praises of Seeta's beauty. It is not so much out of

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resentment for the slaughter of his kindred by Rama as out of a lust after the nonpareil of human beauty, that he goes out on his thieving venture to the Dandaka forest. The chief characteristic of this demon-prince in this epic is lust and not heroism. He is very shrewd, very hardy, and venturous in battle. But he seems to have outgrown the days of the mere lust after fighting. Clinging tenaciously to his passion of lust, trusting to the security of his ocean-girdled home, he repudiates the advice of his outspoken well-wishers, and launches into evil. Later on, when the invasion and the siege had to be faced, he seems to fall into a kind of helpless rage rather than to show any consummate skill in defensive or offensive operations. He asks for accurate accounts of the enemy's strength, and resents the least word of advice to himself or praise of the enemy's prowess in the course of such reports made by his own messengers, and punishes them. He becomes suspicious of every such person, even of his brothers who warn him, and even of the charioteer who turned the chariot from the field when Ravana fainted. He accuses them of having been suborned by the enemy. Leader after leader of his troops falls, but this only makes him think of Seeta more and more passionately. This passion puts his brain into a craze and all his movements after the theft of Seeta show this. First he despises the man Rama and his monkey friends, and neglects the coast-defences. Next he tries to wean away Sugreeva from Rama. And even after he sees the enemy approaching his city, he exhibits neither the assurance and composure of a prince sure of the strength of his resources, if not of his cause, nor the anxiety of a ruler to defend his city and people to the best of his power. He sits in a lofty tower on the northern ramparts gazing stupefied at the advance of the besiegers probably thinking less of the overhanging doom of his city than of the overhanging doom of the loss of Seeta. "Were it not that evil (adharma) triumphs in him, this Demon-King were fit to be the protector of the worlds, even of heaven!" thinks

Hanuman the messenger of his enemy, overpowered by admiration at the bearing, grace, and might of Ravana on his throne. But all virtues else "took corruption from that particular fault".

The dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance of a fault
To his own scandal. (*Hamlet.*)

Ravana's wisdom, foresight, and power are paralysed, as it were, by this passion. It is in this condition that he lays himself open to the sudden surprise by Sugreeva who darts at him and beats down his crown. They wrestle, and it takes some little time for him to remember the usual tricks of his race in warfare, by which time Sugreeva leaps back triumphantly to join the scouting party. No finer instance of the poet's insight can be cited than the passage where he takes this demon, the slave of passion, to make a last infuriated attempt upon Seeta's stern resolve, and being baffled, to threaten to cut her to pieces with his own sword and have her served up on his breakfast table. This is the last step of baffled passion and may be compared with the coaxing manner in which he showed her all the treasures of his palace on the first day after he had brought her, and the prostration at her feet on the next day with the assertion that he had never before done that honour to any woman. A similar feat and speech serve as crumbs to the Muse of comedy in the Little Clay Cart (Mrichhakatika) where Sakara prostrates himself at the feet of Vasantasena and is kicked for his pains.

Nearly as fine as the delineation of Ravana's character is that of the Queen Kaikeyi. Her first reception of the news of Rama's installation is full of frank rejoicing. She gives a reward to the she-dwarf that brings the good news. Even after the angry protest of Mandara "that she was rejoicing where she should grieve", Kaikeyi praised Rama and saw no difference between Rama and Bharata, and could not guess what ailed her favourite dwarf. It was only when the latter pointed out that the coronation would enable Kausalya the

mother of Rama to revenge herself for the long neglect she had suffered at the hands of the King under the spell of Kaikeyi's charms, that Kaikeyi is roused.

The way in which Seeta urges her husband to take her into exile along with him is supremely interesting. First resentment is expressed at the proposal to leave her behind, and the wifely ideal of the wife's fortunes being bound up with those of her husband is urged: "*Hence in thine is mine exile also ordained*". Then she builds up a picture of the beautiful woodland secenery and the delights of the forest-life she will enjoy under his protection. Rama sings of the bitter hardships of forest-life with the burden "*Hard therefore is forest-life!*" Seeta rejoins with the old prophecy made when she was a child that she was destined to live in the woods, and reminds him of her having begged him many a time before to take her on an excursion to the forest. Rama is reluctant, and she, out of love and anger, reproaches him:

"How did my father, the King of the Videhas, think thee fit for a son-in-law—thee a woman in the lineaments of a male? The world unknowingly praises thee for valour."

Presently Seeta changes the tone:

> "What hast thou done that thou shouldst be cast down with grief? What is there to frighten thee that thou wishest to abandon the wife that is solely devoted to thee? Like a simple boor thou wishest to give her up to others".

Then she appeals to his own sense of Dharma and exhorts him to abide by that, and be true to his vow to her. She protests that the thorns and other hard things in the forest-paths that he has spoken of will be soft to her feet like cotton and deer-skins. Then she embraces him, and breaks out into tears and faints in his arms at the thought of the fourteen years' separation. Looking at the tear-scalded face of his beloved that looked "like a lotus thrown out of water" Rama yields at last. His reply is characteristic:

1. Not even heaven delighteth me, if it causes thee pain,
   Nothing carries fear for me no more than for the Creator.
2. Without knowing thy full mind, O lady of auspicious face,
   I liked not to lead thee to the forest though able to protect thee.
3. Destined for forest-life with me, O daughter of Mithila,
   Thou canst not be left behind by me no more than one can leave one's strength.
4. Not that I would not like to visit the forests myself,
   But the word of my father leads me thither, the good faith of which has to be maintained.

Rama's message to Bharata on his return from Lanka and his instructions to Hanuman to narrowly observe his brother's features while receiving the message, speak of Rama's solicitude for others. If Bharata shows the least inchination to retain the kingdom, he will not disturb him. As soon as the battle is over and Ravana is laid low, Rama goes to the grieving Vibheeshana, praises the dead enemy and says :

"Death closes all feuds; our business is over. Perform his obsequies.
He is the same to me as to thee."

Similar words full of sweet gentleness and consideration fall from the lips of Seeta when, after the fall of Lanka, Hanuman goes to her prison-house in the Asoka garden under the Simsupa tree, and offers to kill her wicked guards :

1. "Enslaved to the king's will, doing things to order, and bound to obedience,—with servants such as these who will get augry, thou best of monkeys?

2. Pity should be shown towards them by thy noble self.

No one is there that erreth not.

Hanuman wonders and expresses his approbation:

"Indeed you are the proper and noble wife of Rama!"

Observe how the poet closes the Balakandam with a happy picture of the mutual love of Rama and Seeta which though never expressed, was understood by each other:

"Dear was Seeta to him as the bride sanctioned by his father, and her qualities and the quality of her beauty augmented his love. And twice as dearly did her heart cherish her husband. Though it was all within, yet heart speaks to heart all clear."

Equally sure is the poets' hand in the tragic scene when Seeta is brought from Lanka into Rama's psesence in the assembly in the camp.

"Joy, depression and rage—all three took possession of Rama's mind."

Rama orders her to come up into the assembly, for character is the only proper screen to a woman, and the assembly consisted only of interested friends; but the sight of her "only increased his rage". The speech following is the only fault that I can find in the hero or in his creator. Everywhere so just, so full of insight, here in making Rama utter brutal words and sentiments to his suffering lady whose long life with him ought to have made her better known to him, Vaalmeeki seems to be at fault. It is neither excused by the age nor by Rama's character throughout, which is marked by seif-control and consideration towards others. What justifies this departure in the case of his own righteous beloved who had been the victim of Fate? His rejection is bitter enough:

"Woman, I have no more business with thee. Which nobly born man will take back a woman that had sojourned in another's house?

How shall I take thee back dropped from the lap of Ravana, and looked upon by him with an evil eye and bring reproach on my noble race?

I have no more attachment to thee; thou mayst go whither thou pleaseest."

Even this is harsh but may be somewhat justified by the occasion: "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion." Rama should not allow any blot to fall on the pure fame of the Raghus. Words of affection or trust are out of place on this occasion. Human convention will make light comments on any tenderness hinted or spoken on such occasions. But what can justify the added insult of the ensuing part of the hero's speech?:—

"Let thy mind make itself happy by taking Lakshmana or Bharata or Sugreeva, or Vibheeshana. Or let they heart be bestowed, O Seeta, howsoever it pleases. Seeing thee in his house, so full of beauty and heart-ravishing, surely, Ravana could not have restrained himself long."

Even "the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on" cannot excuse the meanness and brutality of this base insinuation. How could his brothers and friends who were included in it, endure it? It deserved the lofty rebuke of the anguished heroine:—

1. Why dost thou address to me, O valiant one, undeserved and harsh words such as a boor might use towards his wench?

2. I am not, mighty-armed one, as thou thinkest me. Trust me when I conjure thee by thine own character.

3. From the conduct of individual women, thou doubtest the sex.

   If I have been ever examined by thee, give up this doubt.

4. If, helpless and unconscious, I was brought into touch with another's body, therein doth Fate offend, and not my will.

5. My heart, of which I am mistress, is with thee alone.

What could poor helpless me do if the body was imprisoned?

6. If our mutual life and growth have not made me fully known to thee, then am I udone for ever.

7. When thy messenger Hanuman came to witness my state, why was I not, then in Lanka sojourning, abandoned by thee?

8. Before the eyes of that Monkey-chief, on the heels of that message, life would have been given up by me discarded of thee.

9. Thou needst not have put thyself to this vain labour, putting thy life in jeopardy, and causing so much trouble to thy friends.

10. O, Tiger of men, sex alone has been set before thine eye by thee as by a light man passion-led.

11. Neither my rising out of the Earth of which Janaka was the accidental means, nor my character has been regarded by thee, O discerning one.

12. Was not my girl's hand pledged and pressed by thee a boy? My devotion and character, all, all hast thou set behind thy back!

"Speaking in this strain and with tears choking her utterance she addressed Lakshmana, who was fallen into a dejected meditation:—

1. Prepare me a pyre, O Son of Sumitra, the sole remedy for this grief. Struck by this false censure I have no mind to live.

2. Discarded in the midst of the assembly by my husband who is not pleased with my virtues, I will take the course that is proper for me and enter the fire."

IV Enthusiasm displayed in the delineation of some of the Characters.

With this one exception of Rama's unworthy speech to his beloved in the camp of victory where he discarded her (which I would fain think was the interpolation of some mis-understanding minstrel of the race of the trusted disciples of the bard—at least the sloka bidding her go after Lakshmana, Bharata, Sugreeva or Vibheeshana), the holy bard exhibits unerring insight, unimpeachable taste and consistency, and a most generous enthusiasm in the interpreation of character. He throws himself with relish into every part and portrays action, speech, and feature with an accuracy and fulness that makes the reader imagine to himself the brow of the sage who saw the truth, and the artist who painted it glow with supreme satisfaction after rounding off each individual speech or description. He can enter into some of the characters with a sort of *lyrical gusto* as when he makes Ravana burst into a war-song when his first spy tells him of the astounding power and vastness of the invading host:—

1. Let Devas, Gandharvas and Danavas stand against me. I will not yield up Seeta even for the fear of the whole world.

2. When will my arrows fly forth towards Rama like battened bees towards a blossomed tree in the spring?

3. When shall I make him blaze with arrows from my bow like an elephant frightened with glowing brands?

4. That strength of his shall I draw unto myself with my strong army even as the sun draws up the power of all the other luminaries.

5 My speed is like that of the ocean; my going like the Wind-God's. This Rama knoweth not and longeth to battle with me!

6. Nor hath he seen the arrows of my quiver go forth like venomed serpents in battle and so he longeth to battle with me!

7 Nor hath Rama heard of my battle-fame of yore! Entering the stage of the enemy's ranks, my bow shall be the Veena whose strings I will play upon with my arrows and the noise issuing therefrom shall be amplified in the horrible cries of the terrified all round!

8. Neither Vaasava with his thousand eyes, nor Varuṇa himself, nor Yama nor even the lord of Yakshas can bear the brunt of my arrow-fire!

Important speeches on notable occasions are ended with a strong lyric accent. Though, indeed, every canto winding up in a different metre from the main body of the stanzas may be said to have this quality in general, the lyric note of the speeches issues from the fervour of imagination portraying character with intense sympathy. A few other instances of this lyricism in speech may be referred to. like Rama's warning to Seeta regarding the woes of forest-life with its burden "*Seete, dukkham ato vanam*" (Hard, O Seeta, is forest-life), Seeta's rapt chant while going round the Fire ere she leapt into it appealing to the purifier to save her ("*Tatha maam paatu paavakah*"), and Bharata's burning protest of his innocence in the presence of the mother of Rama calling down all sorts of of curses on "him who wrought for Rama's exile" (*Yasyaurye anumate gatah*).

If I am to discriminate among these fervent delineations of our epic bard, the most enthusiastic seems to be that of the

heroine Seeta herself. A whole-souled overpowering admiration seems to seize the mind of this bard whenever the topic is Seeta, her speeches, thoughts, or actions In her are mingled the pure and holy fire of wifely zeal and devotion, a sweet generous consideration for others, a unique love of adventure and a still more unique love of wild nature. Rama is an Epic hero with a touch of romance, but Seeta is altogether a romantic heroine in her life and temper though some of her speeches are cast in the epic mould. Stern piety and duty with a lofty self-respect which sometimes (though rarely in the case of Rama) verges on the boastful, a strong feeling for ancestry and a marked tendency towards fatalism are the characteristics of the Epic heroes of antiquity. The Romantic spirit on the other hand is distinguished by its buoyancy, hope, and love of adventure. It must have been a natural reaction against long ages of peaceful settlement.

Not that there are no drawbacks in the character of this princess but they are the most natural and pardonable weaknesses of her sex. I refer to her rash unwarranted imputation of motives to Lakshmana when he would not run to the rescue of Rama at the false cry for help uttered by Maricha in the manner of Rama when he was slain by the latter, and also to her eagerness to have the bright spotted skin of the false deer for her cushion or for exhibiting as a trophy of the forest when they should return home from their exile. Nature tolerates neither a vacuum nor an error, and providence works out the web of our tragic destinies mostly with the strands of our own character. The tragic heroine Seeta herself realises later on the unworthiness of such thoughts. She betrays also the presentiment common to her gentle sex in the hesitating advice she gives to Rama not to fight with the demons unprovoked as they were enteringthe Dandaka forest which the latter were rumoured to infest in large numbers.

But the most characteristic of her speeches are her replies to Ravana's boasts and importunity, both in her cottage in

the Daudakas and in her prison in the garden ol Lanka. When Hanuman proposed to take her on his back to Rama, she smiled and said she would not be stolen back out of Lanka but would wait till her husband punished Ravana and took her back in triumph. Her lofty defence of herself and of her sex before the causeless censure and insinuations of Rama has already been dwelt upon. The modern woman will look with gratitude upon this ancient heroine who was the first to raise her voice against the unfairness of society towards the gentler sex. Surpassing sweetness and grace attend her every movement but in the presence of insult or danger, a fiery glow characterises her actions and speeches.

More marked even than this noble fire of her spirit is her ardent love of external nature, especially in its wild aspects of the woods and the hills. It is this more than his mere sense of duty that seems to reconcile her husband to the exile. Timid as she is, in the company of her powerful husband she loved to roam over the wilds. It is the knowledge of this, her passion for the woods, that makes Lakshmana suggest to Rama that they should search for her in the woods along the bank of the Godavary :

> * " Fond of roaming in the wilds, even forest-mad is the princess of Mithila. She may have entered the forest or into the pool full of flowers, or gone to the river so full of fish, and dallies out of a desire for bathing or for fun or to test us and give us a fright."

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* प्रियकाननसंचारा वनोन्मत्ताच मैथिली ।
सा वनं वा प्रविष्टास्यान्नळिनीं वा सुपुष्पिताम् ॥
सरितं वाप्यनुप्राप्ता मीनवञ्जुळसेविताम् ।
स्नातुकामा निलीनास्यात् हासकामा वने क्वचित् ॥
वित्रासयितुकामा वा लीना स्यात् कानने क्वचित् ।
जिज्ञासमाना वैदेही त्वां मांच पुरुषर्षभ ॥

I love to think that the bard invests the heroine with his own superabounding love of nature of which I will speak more at length presently. The bard's enthusiasm in the development of the character of this heroine is so great that he seems to have at one time thought of calling his epic † "The great history of Seeta" (*Seetaayaah charitam mahat*).

Let not this enthusiasm for nature be thought to be confined to Post Wordsworthian English literary tradition. I know an Indian lady who is not educated and is one of the most weak and timid of her sex who has this enthusiasm, and I remember another who at the sight of the forests on the Nilgiris in the vicinity of Lamb's Rock burst into a rapture and turned round to her husband singing the popular household Ramayana song where the forests are described. Thanks to our old Vaalmeeki, who it seems dwelt in the forests not merely for penance and "to flee from the press and dwell with steadfastnesse" but could with zest enter into the life of the trees and animals, his neighbours and companions, thanks to our old Homer, the love of nature is fairly general in India; and the pilgrimages to holy places are generally organised to inculcate the love of nature along with religious devotion. Most of the places of pilgrimage in India have this double importance.

V. The bard's Humour.

In addition to deep insight, enthusiasm in the depiction of character and an absorbing love of nature we find a keen sense of humour in Vaalmeeki which modern criticism regards as another sign of a large and generous soul. Of the narrower kind of humour which consists in quibbling and joking, and whose appreciation must, of course, be confined to a very limited circle and depend on transient conditions, there is very little in

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† *The other rejected title seems to have been "Poulastya Vadham" (The Slaying of Poulastya i.e. Ravana, the descendant of of Sage Pulastya). Bala. 4. 7.*

our poet. One only instance comes to my mind, viz. the comparison of the dwarf Mandara wearing golden girdles to a monkey tied with a rope (*rajjubaddheva vaanaree*) But of the higher kind of Humour which is called Absolute—whose basis is the deep kindly knowledge of the mixture of good and bad, high and low in our nature, whose arraignment of folly is accompanied with a genial smile—of this kind of humour there are some good instances, and I will cite two or three. One is where Kaikeyi, delighted with the evil suggestion of Mandara, promises to elevate her into her chief of dwarfs:—

1. "With thy broad thighs, walking in front of me, thou wilt shine like a royal swan.
2. All the wiles that were in the demon Sambara and a thousand more are in thee.
3. This long projection from thy breast, like the protruding beak of a chariot,—all wit, and warring arts, and wiles live here. Here will I hang a wreath of gold, O dwarf !
4. When Rama is exiled and Bharata anointed, I shall get this same gilded with golden paint of the rarest colour.
5. And thy face shall have a golden tilaka (vertical caste-mark), and other ornaments shall I get made for thee, wearing which and clad in pure robes thou wilt go about like a goddess.
6. With thy face challenging the moon thou shall walk about with importance spiting thy enemies.
7. Other dwarfs wearing jewels shall wait at thy feet as thou dost on me.

In this picture, Vaalmeeki cannot be accused of making a natural defect, the mere ugliness of the Kubja, the butt of humour. It is thevanity of the dwarf and her future sense of importance, the ladying it over other Kubjas like herself, that appeal to the queen and the bard alike. It is perfectly harmless and the

Kubja herself is pleased with this prospect and not provoked. That Vaalmeeki puts it into the mouth of her pleased and grateful mistress shows his shaft to be but lightly tipped, if at all, with unseemly fun.

Let as turn to a more decidedly harmless piece of humour which at the same time testifies to the perfect readiness of the poet to enjoy every scene of life and every freak of human nature. With what relish does the old bard depict the joy of Hanuman when he discovers the lovely Mandodari, the queen of Ravana, mistaking her for the Seeta he is in quest of:

> Hanuman exulted with exceeding joy. He clapped, and kissed his tail. He exulted and danced, crooned and ran about. He climbed up the pillars and fell upon the ground displaying his monkey-nature.
>
> (Sundara. 10. 54.)

The last phrase is perhaps added by the poet to guard himself from the charge of puerility but criticism of the present day, I think, would like to shake hands with the cheerful old gentleman rather than raise any such cavil.

One more and a subtler instance I will add: It is the speech of Ravana's spy, Suka, who was in danger of losing his life at the hands of the monkey-soldiers who had detected him and were excercising themselves upon him. He cries to Rama:—

> " The night when I was born and that like wise when I shall die—whatever wicked deeds were done by me in the interval between the two, the burthen of them all will fall on thee if I should give up the ghost."

"And hearing that whimpering moan Rama did not allow him to be killed." The mixture of pathos, fright, andsanctimonious whine in this appeal reminds me of the similar speech of the impretinent scoundrel and coward Parolles on a similar occasion:-

> "My life, sir, in any case! Not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent

out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in the dungeon, in the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live."

(A. W. W. IV. iv.)

The spy Suka wes kept as a close prisoner and released by Rama's order when his troops were within a day's march of the enemy's capital.

I have tried to build up, from my study of the epic, a picture of the bard's genial and warm soul full of insight and kindliness with its high enthusiasm and lyrical fervour, Lyrical intensity in a bard may often exist without a due sense of humour that makes the light of his soul refreshing and life-givito his audience and readers. I have shown instances of the presence of this quality in this epic where the theme of it permits. The geniality of Vaalmeeki quickens the whole book and exhibits itself in a remarkable degree in the hearty relish with which he enters into every character and situation.

VI. No mere abstract Idealism in the depiction of character.

The main theme on which the lyrical fervour of the bard's soul expends itself is however the high idealism in the moral world, the devotion to Dharma which makes him so rapturous over his hero aud heroine. The Indian world has apotheosised these ideals of manly and womanly life, and the theme needs no expatiation here in this monograph. I shall content myself with pointing out that the idealism is not indulged in at the expense of truth to nature and that the poet has not made the camps of good and evil exclusive. There are varieties of character in the camp of Rama as well as that of Ravana embodying vanity and vice of varying degrees.

The poet's canvas is pretty full of interesting figures of both sexes. Sugreeva and Vibheeshana are ambitious younger brothers and though good, and devoted to righteousness on the whole, they are not all too highly principled. That Rama

chooses to help them is the guide to our judgment regarding their attitude towards their brothers. They have been deeply wronged and naturally wish to retaliate. "All brothers cannot be expected to be Bharatas" says Rama, and we may content ourselves with the large amount of sincerity that outweighs this grain of self-seeking in these noble ministers of Dharma. Of the other males in Rama's camp I may mention the highly principled Hanuman, the able and faithful minister of Sugreeva. It is not possible here in this brief space to examine the importance of this personage who is like a god disguised, and serves Rama and Sugreeva with brain as well as with muscle of rare elasticity and potency, almost as Pallas Athena served the Greeks, especially Odysseus and Telemachus. Also remarkable are the Prince Angada who is faithful and valiant though he cannot get over the natural dislike towards his uncle who had been the cause of his father's death, the noble but impulsive Prince Satrughna who would fain slay the vicious queen Kaikeyi and her dwarf that had caused his brother's exile, and the thrice-noble Prince Bharata who, almost like his elder brother Rama' restrains his devoted younger brother Satrughna from violence towards the evil women on the ground that Rama would disapprove of such actions and would, if he knew of them, never more hold speech with such brothers. There can be no finer comment than this on the characters of both Bharata and Rama.

Of the women in this camp besides the heroine, two are very notable indeed. One is the pious, loving, and spirited mother of Rama—the devoted uncomplaining wife who could, however, censure her husband to his face when her wrongs, become unbearable,—the fond mother who could at last make up her mind to yield to her exiled son's notion of dharma though it well-nigh broke her heart. The other is the beautiful and cruel queen Kaikeyi, proud of her charms and her influence over her husband (*Soubhaagyamadagarvitaa*). She however dwindles into insignificance after her part of stepmotherly Providence in the case of Rama, and we have only echoes of her old act of cruelty as of a receding ghost in the rest of the epic. Though

Rama in his exile once spoke of her capacity to kill the king in order to secure the immediate enthronement of her son, yet he seems to have been very considerate and courteous to her throughout. Both he and his wife bow to her when she and her co-wives accompany Bharata in his quest after his brother. The poet seems to have neglected a very fine opportunity for finishing the portrait of Queen Kaikeyi, at this meeting in the forest: She says nothing. Perhaps the poet intends the reader to take it that she had lapsed into dulness for want of opportunity and power. Her son's unexpected role had put her out for she discovered that she had reckoned without her host in working to get the kingdom for him. Rama charges Bharata to spare the feelings of the crestfallen Queen who was rather an instrument of Fate than an evil person herself.

The third Queen of Dasaratha viz: Sumitra, is but faintly out-lined We would like to see a little more of her personality but the poet seems to content himself with representing her as a simple and affectionate lady attached to Queen Kausalya and leaning on her for support. The wives of the brothers of Rama are mentioned at the marriage in Mithila along with the heroine but are quite ignored thereafter. One would like to know what these sisters of Seeta had to say to her on two or three occasions in the epic and its sequel, and what the wife of Lakshmana felt at his voluntary exile with his brother. But the poet had enough to do, and has given us so much that it will be ingratitude to blame him for the omissions which the economy of art entails.

Taaraa, the beautiful wife first of Vaali and then of Sugreeva, was the daughter of the Surgeon-General of Rama's army, Sushena, and was, through her wisdom and tact, of immense help to her husbands in their administration and foreign-policy. Her grief over the dead Vaali may remind one of Andromache in the Illiad. We have a pretty picture of her shielding her second husband Sugreeva, and advancing to meet the irate Lakshmana, relying upon the chivalry of the prince to

soften his indignation against the pleasure-loving and forgetful Sugreeva. The poet in describing her gracious gait and pose *seems to forget that she was a Vaanari and not a human beauty. Her movement is human like her speech, and modest Lakshmana cannot raise his eyes :

> "With tripping gait and heavy sensuous eyes, and her golden girdle loosely trailing behind her. the well-featured Taara approached Lakshmana's presence and slightly bowed her graceful frame."

The other wife of King Sugreeva called Ruma, who had been forced from him by Vaali but who seems to have been eagerly welcomed and taken back and cherished by her true lord without offence to the moral code of their tribe, is not brought into the fore-ground. Within the laws of their society these seem to live in unity and peace. They serve their great human ally faithfully and the loyalty of Sugreeva could not be shaken by Ravana's seductive message of feigned brotherhood. Nor could Angada's appeal at the prospect of failure and famine in their quest after Seeta's whereabouts, shake the loyalty of Hanuman to Sugreeva, their King. They act on the whole unlike 'fickle-minded' Bandar-log. It is on this feature, I think, that the conjecture is based that in his monkeys the poet pictured some rude tribes of the Daudaka forest. But to the poet of the Ramayana they seem to have been real tailed monkeys of a powerful kind though he makes them wear dress and ornaments like their human sisters and brethren, just as the giants and gods of the Greek epics were real to Homer's fancy. Their fighting with stones and trees finds a parallel in that of the heroes of the I liad.

Let us now turn to the other camp where Ravana typifies Evil. The poet both directly and through the words of the Demon-King's counsellors takes care to magnify his prowess

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* सा प्रस्खलन्ती मदाविह्वलाक्षी प्रलम्बकाञ्चीगुणहेमसूत्रा ।
सलक्षणा लक्ष्मणसन्निधानं जगामतारा नमितांगयष्टिः ॥

and glory and his great orthodoxy in religion, and scrupulous attention to its rites and ceremonies. He himself is made to say to his advisers on one occasion that he had promised Seeta a respite of one year from the date of her capture. As two months yet remained he would not take any violent measures against her. He would keep his word. Even his enemies admit his power and think that only his unrighteousness stood in the way of his being the greatest king in the world. But war and lust have been his mottos from the very beginning of of his career and the Sequel to the Epic suggests that envy of his step-brother Kubera was the first moving power in his evil career. His oppressive career had embittered all the celestial hosts and all the sages of the Earth. Their prayers had been listened to by the Eternal, and Nemesis was approaching him in the shape of the Ayodhya princes whom he had wantonly insulted and injured in the security of his island-home and the confidence in his battle-fame of yore. In this epic lust dominates his mind throughout and for the sake of it he sacrifices all. He repudiates the advice of his well-wishers and eagerly welcomes those who encourage him in his perversity and *adharma*. That the spirit of fighting is less prominent in the demon-king of this epic than the spirit of lust has already been pointed out in an earlier section. He likes Mahodara who exhorts him "to follow the ways of the cock" and have his desire first before facing the enemy, but says he is paralysed by the fear of an old curse of Brahma (whom he had insulted by waylaying and ravishing an Apsara, by name Punjikasthala, on her way to the court of the Creator) to the effect that "the next lustful attempt on an unwilling woman would crack his head into a thousand shivers". Between '*I dare not*' and '*I would*' he falls into a crazed despair from which he lapses only into tyrannical fury. He remembers various other curses also and after Kumbhakarna's death he falls into such deep despair as makes him regret that he had not listened to his brother Vibheeshana's advice and made peace with Rama. In the battle-field, however, he displays rare valour. The old war-

fury is on him once more and he blames his charioteer for turning back his chariot when he fainted. What would his enemy think of him? He drives back into the field almost immediately and there dies fighting to the last against his enemy who had, in the interval, strengthened himself by the worship of the Sun-God (his tutelary deity) according to the directions of the sage Agastya. The gods, however, content themselves with mere spectatorship unlike the Homeric deities; but theylove fair fight and chivalrously send a chariot to Rama who was at a disadvantage, fighting on foot against a well-equipped enemy.

The huge Kumbhakarna frankly realises the unrighteousness of his brother's deed; yet, in the pride of his own superhuman might, he promises him his full support in the pre-war Council. But he falls at once into his six-months' sleep from which however he was roused in the exigency of war after barely a week, only to do wonders and die at the hands of Rama. There is some crude comedy in the delineation of this huge demon and his feats of eating, drinking, and fighting, and his crossing over the battlements as if they were a light fence. Vibheesana allays the terror of the monkey host by telling them that the huge thing was only a new engine of war or a pageant in Lanka.

The sons of the demon-princes are all spirited youths. Indrajit, Aksha, and Trisiras, sons of Ravana, and Kumbha and Nikumbha, sons of Kumbhakarna. They are fine and brave leaders of battle and die game. Hanuman admires Aksha and long hesitates to send such a promising youth to an untimely grave. Indrajit is the best of the brood, and best trusted and beloved of his father, and with his trick of creating an artificial cloud and fighting from behind the same, he placed the life of the hero and his brother more than once in danger. He had to be pursued and prevented from completing a secret rite which gave him invisibility, and forced to fight on a par with his enemies. Even so, it taxed all Lakshmana's resources to put

him down. He is the son of his father and speaks slightingly to his uncle Vibheeshana in the council, for which he is severely rebuked by the latter. Vibheeshana betrays the secret of his magic rite under the banyan tree to Lakshmana, but yet could not lift his hand against his brother's son to help his party, 'for his eyes swam with tears'.

The women of Ravana's harem have little or no part in this exciting drama. They are, like the people of Lanka—little cared for by their tyrannical lord. They, however love him ardently. I single out two figures for notice. One is Dhanyamaalini who dissuades him on one occasion from his cruel threat of killing poor Seeta. She seems to have been one of his favourites and was the mother of Atikaaya. The other is the beautiful queen Mandodari, the daughter of Maya who designed and contructed Lanka for his son-in-law. She, too, dissuades Ravana from his cruel threat to cut up Seeta for his breakfast but the motive s characteristic. She is jealous of the human beauty and asserts that she herself is in no way inferior. This is no mere boast, for Hanuman had also mistaken her for Seeta though her easy sleep by Ravana's side made him argue himself out of his error very soon. But the jealousy towards Seeta reappears in her lament over her fallen lord. Though acknowledging that he was justly punished for his unholy act of attempting the honour of such a worshipful and chaste lady, yet she cannot but complain of his being blinded by passion to the superiority of * her own self in every way.

> "Neither in birth nor in form nor in grace is the princess of Mithila superior or equal to me; but out of the blindness of passion thou wouldst not see it".

I have not met anywhere in this epic with the tradition that she had been the mother of Angada by Vaali before she

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* न कुलेन न रूपेण न दाक्षिण्येन मैथिली ।
मयाऽधिका वा तुल्या वा त्वंतु मोहान्नबुध्यसे ॥

married Ravana, and that owing to this privilege, Angada could pull her by the hair when she and Ravana were together performing a secret sacrifice before the final fight with Rama—which was intended to irritate Ravana and interrupt the rite. This is one of the many tasteless and unlucky improvements on Vaalmeeki's story.

To treat the Ramayana as a mere allegory or to regard it as an illustration of a moral or a philosophical idea is to ignore the fundamental principles of art which alone seem, in my opinion, to have guided the poet's conception of the theme and the characters. The only moral idea he started with is the combination of physical, intellectual, and moral excellence in his hero, and he composed his epic as much to please himself as to 'point a moral' to his fellowmen. His own delight in the first instance, and that of his hearers in the next was all that he cared for. More than any definite moral conception it was the fullness of varied life and adventure in this legend of the Raghu race that seems to have fascinated the bard; and a sweet humanity rather than any austere moral purpose seems to permeate the epic. Except in Rama and his wife and his brother there is little of this austere devotion to Dharma. Though the character of Rama is the main theme, yet the poet has not made even him a mere diagram of moral geometry, or a convenient metaphysico-theological engine for spouting philosophy and for the revelation of obvious trivialities of religious rite and ceremony as many of the later Puranic gods and heroes are. How human and natural sounds the voice of this ideal son when, on the first night after the charioteer had left them in the forest, seated under a tree, he disburdens his heart to his brother Lakshmana!:—

1. Surely, the King will sleep ill this day, O Lakshmana. And Kaikeyi's desire is fulfilled and she ought to be content.
2. That queen, after the arrival of Bharata, for the the sake of the kingdom, will even deprive the king of his life.

3. Helpless and old, and deprived of me, what will that slave of Desire do, fallen into the clutches of Kaikeyi?

4. Judging from this sorrow, and the king's infirmity of mind, Desire seems to be more powerful than the other two ideals of men, Wealth and Righteousness.

5. What ignorant person even will abandon an obedient son at the bidding of a woman as papa has done me?

6. Happy is Bharata with his wife,- the son of Kaikeyi who enjoys the blessed Kosala realm as its supreme lord.

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7. He who abandons the pursuit of wealth and Righteousness for the sake of desire will soon fall into danger like the King Dasaratha.

The moralising in the last stanza may sound harsh to some like that in Edgar's reproach to his fallen brother Edmund touching the justice of the Nemesis their father Gloster had in his ill-begotten bastard who betrayed him. But here it is almost like a soliloquy, being spoken to his 'external soul,' his brother Lakshmana, and Rama never allows these feelings to dominate or embitter his mind, or to make him swerve from the path of duty and Dharma. The jealousy that puts unseemly language on his lips on an occasion already noticed at length, begins to show itself when, on their entering the Dandaka forest, Viraadha carries off Seeta and asks her to be his wife. Rama's blood boils at the sight of another touching his beloved and he speaks out his thoughts, but Lakshmana checks him and urges him to take prompt steps to cut off the demon. Rama in despair or in anger requires Lakshmana's good sense to cheer him up or restrain him. Rama does the same good office to his brother soothing his ire on more than one occasion. The beautiful devotion of these brothers is as touching as the mutual

love and devotion of the hero and heroine. Nothing can equal the pathos of Rama's wailing over his fallen brother while at the same time responding to the arrows of Ravana—no, not even the lament of Agamemnon over his fallen brother Menelaus.

VII. Conclusion: Vaalmeeki's Romantic attitude towards Nature, and his Personality.

I have reserved this last section to the exposition of the bard's attitude towards nature, and venture to recommend the same to the consideration of all students of this aspect of the Romantic movement in Europe, especially in England, in and after the days of Wordsworth. The heroine's enthusiasm for the woods and the hills has been already dwelt upon. Though not "forest-mad" like her, her husband too is "fond of the hills and the woods" (*girivanapriyah*). Unlike her pure æsthetic exultation, his admiration is of the Wordsworthian type, inclined to moralising. Her "*wild ecstasies*" are in him "*matured into a sober pleasure,*" He asks Seeta after observing Mt. Chitrakuta and the river and pointing out the beauty of tree, rock, and river:

1. "Dost thou take delight with me in this Chitrakuta mountain, realising many emotions that rise out of the mind, the speech, and the body?
2. This is ambrosia as the old royal sages, my ancestors, say who retired to the forest for meditation and salvation.

The beautiful river Mandaakini charms him:

> "Its waters now made turbid in the fords by the thirsty herds of deer are beautiful and cause me joy."

The realisation of 'emotions' on observing nature and the admiration for the turbid waters because they have quenched the thirst of the deer are quite in Wordsworth's manner. With something like the fancy of Jacques but with no thoughts of 'railing' at the world, he asks her to think the river to be their

Sarayu, the hill to be Ayodhya, and the beasts to be citizens and tells her that the forest-life together with her and Lakshmana makes him indifferent to the city and the kingdom. Then with *Manassilu* (soft yellow stone) he makes a decorative mark on her face. But presently a monkey frightens her. Rama drives off the monkey and embraces her with soothing words. The *Manassila* sticks to his breast and Seeta looks askance at the impression and laughs. How unpretentiously human appears the whole picture of their life in the forest, and their conversation? Little of austere moralising, less of allegory in all this! The characters are drawn true to life in their hopes, and joys, in their despair and their griefs, in all their thoughts and actions. In these portraitues is exhibited the poet's own deep humanity.

All kinds of life whether of the city or of the forest are rendered with gusto by the bard. For illustrations of the former we may turn to the description of Ayodhya and the varied occupations and amusements of its citizens at the time of Rama's proposed installation as Crown Prince, the decorated mansions of the rich, the white-washed temples, and well-cleaned and watered roads; and to that of the huge concourse of people that followed the exiled Rama till he left them unnoticed during the night to spare them the pain of further travel. We may also turn to the description of the glories and delights of the royal palaces in both Lanka and Ayodhya, of the curious and varied carvings and designs on the walls of the vimaana or the chief pleasure-palace of Ravana, of the luscious odours and reeking luxury of the sleeping halls therein.

Illustrations of the descriptions of the forest abound in every part of the epic especially in the Aranya, Kishkindha, and Sundarakaandams. One may venture the remark that these kaandams constitute a sub-epic of the woods—so largely filled are they with idyllic pictures of the life of sage, aboriginee, beast and bird, with ravishing descriptions of the scenery of hill, wood, lake and river. I refer to a few such as the description of the Asrama where Sabari lives, the cottage

of the royal exiles on the banks of the Godavery, and the cave in the fountain-fed Psasravana range which sheltered the hero and his brother in the neighbourhood of Sugreeva's capital, and which was surrounded by hills whose cloud-kissing tops made Rama fancy that

> * "It would be possible to mount up to the sky by means of the cloud-stairs, and decorate the sun with wreaths of wild jasmine and Arjuna flowers."

"Extremely wonderful" (*paramaadbhutam*) is the artificial Asoka forest of Ravana with its innumerable fruit-trees and flower-trees all cunningly arranged and festooned with creepers, with its glades and well-paved and neatly-kept ponds, with its artificial hills and beautiful rills flowing from their sides, one of which leaps down "like an angry lady from the lap of her lord," and entreated by the bending trees on the banks "as by dear relatives not to forsake her beloved," presently runs back "as if propitiated and pleased again towards the hill" from which it had issued. Hanuman "shooting from tree to tree" in quest of Seeta was regarded by the creatures of the forest to be the god of spring. And he himself though deeply absorbed in his search exclaims

> † "Lovely in the extreme is this Asoka forest of the wicked one"!

The sage of the forest "anthill-born" must have seen much of cities and royal palaces and gardens with no stinted eye or embittered mind. The lord of the garden may be wicked but that will prevent neither the bard nor his Hanuman from acknowledging its beauty,—even as they praise and acknowledge the valour and prowess of this wicked king in battle,—even as Vaalmeeki allows his fancy to play without mitigation from ethical considerations on dark-coloured Ravana

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* शक्यमंबरमारोढुं मेघसोपानपङ्क्तिभिः ।
कुटजार्जुनमालाभिः अलंकर्तुं दिवाकरम् ॥

† अशोकवनिकाचेयं दृढं रम्या दुरात्मनः ॥

carrying the fair saffron-robed Seeta in his arms and shining therewith "like a flowered Asoka".

Whole chapters may be written on this frank astheticism of the bard unshackled by his moral aim which has its own due place, and also on his abounding love of nature and the phenomena, in all sorts of moods and phases, of forest and hill, of lake, river and sea, of the cave and the hermitage. Fairy-scenes also abound, with all the halo and mystery of romance playing about them. I instance the valley of Svayamprabha(a veritable Terrestrial Paradise which the monkeys accidentally enter), the lake from which mystical music proceeds at certain hours of the day, and the garden "enclosed all round with plantains thick" with its fatal tale of enchantment told in a sort of hushed tone on the way from Mt. Rishyamuka to Kishkindha by Sugreeva to his curious friend Rama.

Apropos to this topic of Nature, I wish to draw the attention of the reader to the astoundingly dramatic way in which the bard manages these descriptions. They are now and then done *in propria persona* as, for example, the rhapsody in the Sundarakaanda when Hanuman emerges from his vain search in some of the palaces of Lanka, on the moon who getting into the middle of the sky shone "*like a mighty bull ranging in a cow-pen, like a white swan in a silvery cage, like a lion in the cave of Mt. Mandara, like a warrior on a proud war-elephant, like a king who had just got his kingdom, or like a purifier of the sins of the world.*" But oftener the bard loves to put these descriptions into the mouths of some of the *dramatis personæ* to whom the scene offers unexpected relief or opportune distraction. And this enables him to describe the same scene from more than one point of view and in more than one aspect. The dwarf Mandara from "the moon-like palace" observes Ayodhya decked for the Crown Prince's installation. Bharata on his return from the visit to his grand-father is made to describe the same city sunk in gloom and sorrow, and all without lustre. And Rama's troops fast approaching it in the Push-

paka (flower-shaped aero-car), and straining their bodies and eyes, enjoy a distant view of the gorgeous towers and palaces of the grand capital of the Ikshwaku Kings. Lanka is examined in detail through the eyes of Hanuman on his first visit—the various shining palaces of the chieftains and rich citizens from which sweet sounds of stringed instruments emanated during the earlier part of the night, the vast inner enclosure of Ravana's harem dotted with innumerable mansions for the occupation of the various components of his eclectic zenana, the kitchens and sumptuous dining halls, the drinking grounds, andthe vast sleeping apartment cushioned all over and "filled with the noble perfume of sandal and black agaru". Then we are taken to the Asoka garden with its wondrous designs and glorious loveliness, and brought back to contemplate the flaming city of Lanka in the wake of Hanuman's blazing tail. In the interim we are given a glimpse of King Ravana's presence-chamber or Durbar Hall. Later on the poet supplements this description of Lanka with a distant view of it through the eyes of the invaders—its fine situation on the brow of Mt. Trikuta and within a day's march of the ocean for human legs, yet overlooking it. Rama with anguished heart is the first to point out to Lakshmana the city of Lanka—"constructed by Viswakarma as if with his mind", and the tops of its mansions, and of its gardens whence "the breeze blew the birds and bees towards them". The description is amplified on a nearer view from the slopes of Mt. Suvela where the host of Rama encamped in the vicinity of Lanka. They are able to see the gardens and the palaces distinctly, and even catch glimpses of the dimly moving figures of its inhabitants. They especially note the thousand-pillared pleasure-palace (Chaitya) of Ravana near the ramparts of the city. The Ocean is studied first as it appeared to the baffled Vanaras wistfully looking in the direction of Lanka, then as it is perturbed by the unimaginable velocity of Hanuman's flight above its surface, and again as it depresses the troops of Rama with an exhibition of its sky-touching

impassable breakers. Presently the poet finds an opportunity of describing its surface phenomena in detail as the host marches along the bridge which covered the ocean like the Milky way in the heavens (*swaateepatha ivaambare*). And Lanka set fire to by the troops of Rama after the fall of Kumbhakarna "reddens the ocean" in the distance.

Such a supremely æsthetic passion for external nature, such a fine artistic sense for views of scenery (which, inspite of enumerations of trees and objects, is nowhere mechanical, dull, or unreal) is rare outside Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti in Sanskrit literature, is rare in European literature before the nineteenth century. This old Indian Homer anticipates Wordsworth and all the more or less enthusiastic followers of that apostle of nature-worship in literature.

In my essay on "Kalidasa and Shakespeare" † I pointed out that the love of nature was one of the most marked features of Kalidasa. He loved to survey her phenomena from a distance or from a position of vantage. I venture to suggest that Kalidasa owed his inspiration in this respect partly to this ancient bard Vaalmeeki and partly to his own wide travel. Vaalmeeki, too, must have actually seen and wondered at the ocean, and not merely visioned it in his mind's eye from his Asrama on the banks of the Tamasa. Not all of Sugreeva's directions to his messengers are to be treated as dreamy geography. He had seen many parts of the earth through the eyes of his creator, which is borne out by the accuracy with which the path of the messengers to the court of Bharata's grandfather is delineated by the bard, and also the path of Rama till he reached the Dandaka forest.

Before closing this article, I once more wish to dwell upon the picture of the bard that fills and illumines my mind whenever I turn the pages of his epic,—the picture of the Master and Light of the ancient university on the banks of the Tamasa, with his serene face full of wisdom and insight lighted up by an

† *See the Kumbakonam College Journal for November 1921.*

eye that could sparkle with smiles and laughter but usually shone with a rapturous fire, with his heart ever delighting to count and recount the glories of man and the treasures of providence scattered about in abundance for the use and pleasure of his creatures in 'earth and sea and sky,'—the image of the reverend old personality so generous, joyous, and catching.

D. A. NARASIMHAM.

MY MAIDEN CASE.

An old comedy says that a lawyer is an odd sort of fruit--first rotten, then green, and then ripe. There is too much of truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young lawyer are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away and no case comes. Still he bears these hardships with a characteristic patience. By the bye, before I proceed further, I must confess that I am also a lawyer and I have suffered all the hardships of the profession.

The lawyer usually takes very simple meals at home, for, his quarrelsome wife, taking into consideration the fact that her husband earns nothing, won't allow him to have sumptuous meals. Though he earns nothing, the lawyer has his own club where he goes in the evenings to play Tennis and Billiards and like the other men of his profession he is *point-device* in his dress. He returns to his lodgings in the evening twilight and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment, he supposes to be a brief. But alas! in this he is disappointed, for, it is only a napkin. He is vexed and rings to have it removed when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent. The lawyer is about to kick him downstairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrears of the fellow's pay and contents

himself with wondering where the rogue finds the means for such extravagance.

While writing this, I am reminded of a very amusing mistake of a lawyer-friend of mine. Ever since his enrolment he had not even a single case and hence he had a thirst for briefs. One day he was sitting in his office from which he could command a view of the street, where he saw a youth going with a bundle of papers. The lawyer thinking that to be a brief, called the youth inside, talked to him charmingly, told him that he was a lawyer, and would take care of any case as if it were his own * * *. After this introductory speech which is the characteristic of all lawyers, he asked the youth to give him the bundle of papers. The youth gave it and the lawyer opened it. What did he see? They were only the answer papers of the youth, who was a student! This simple anecdote has its own lessons for all the lawyers and would-be lawyers. They must not mistake each and everything for a brief.

In court many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal, who excites hope only to disappoint. The lawyers, all must wait to be chosen and patronised by the wretched attorney. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in a dignified composure thinking, of course, about briefs, as a young lady thinks of marriage. An attorney enters the room; not an eye moves, but somehow or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief He looks round the circle as if to choose his man. You cannot doubt that his eyes rest upon you. Now, the traitor counts out the fee and wraps it up with a slow and provoking formality. At length all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod and the brief comes flying. You pick it up but find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you. You curse the attorney's impudence and ask yourself if he meant to offend you.

My maiden case came when I was in my office. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with the

case !—even the tap at the door. There was a mild tap—a cheerful one too, for it foretold the coming of a brief. My clerk who was not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmer of inquiry and answer ; and though I could not distinguish the words, the tones confirmed my hopes. I was not long suffered to doubt for the client entered the room soon. I tried to assume the lawyer's melancholy and wanted to be stiff and stern. But my bankruptcy of briefs ever since my enrolment, forced me to put on a welcome face.

The client had in his hand the pure white paper tied round with a brilliant red tape. Ah! the sacred Brief. The client inquired respectfully and with an appearauce of anxiety whether I was Mr——. On my nod of assent he repeated to me the nature of the case and requested me to accept the brief. He then laid the papers and the fee upon the table and asked me if it would be convenient to consult my seniors and finding that the state of my eagagements would allow me to attend, he made his bow and departed. The fee was sacred to me and I put it to no vulgar use.

No doubt, many years have elapsed since the case was disposed of and yet how fresh does it live in my memory! How perfectly do I recollect every authority to which it referred, and how I read and re-read the leading cases that had a bearing on the question to be argued. One case I so bethumbed that the volume has opened at it ever since.

My brief consisted of a case to be argued before the city magistrates. On the day of consultation with my senior lawyers, I hurried to the place of consultation long before the clock had finished striking the hour. My brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points for which we were to contend and had logically slain every one of them I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of

my cogitations. I waited at my senior's room. I had plenty of time to think of these things for my senior was engaged in Court. After I had been waiting for about an hour, I heared the rustling of silks and my senior entered the room in his gown thereby escaping from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been enveloped during his passage from the court. He went through the papers hastily and simply directed me to provide certain additional affidavits. He then went away and thus ended my consultation.

At length the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard my senior opening the case and I felt how soon it would be my turn to speak Oh! how did I pray that he would make a long speech? I lost all feeling of rivalry, which usually connotes a lawyer, and I would have given him everything that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment. His speech was frightfully short, yet short as it was it made terrible havoc with my stock of matter. The second speaker was even more concise and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study. These men could not from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time which I had spent upon the case and yet they had seen much which had escaped all my research

At length my turn came I was sitting in the back rows and the court house was a little bit dark I rose up but alas! I was not perceived by the Judges who had turned together to consult supposing the argnment finished Justice. S —— was the first to see me and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement which I hope I shall never forget. The court was crowded since it was a legal question of some interest. It was a dreadful moment. I began and at the sound of an unknown voice, (for I had never before opened my mouth in a court) the court was hushed into a silence. It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How

grateful should I have been for anything which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight—a scraping of the shoes or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber what I said I knew not then. It was only a hideous dream. My lawyer friends afterwards told me however, to my great surprise that I spoke aloud, used violent gestures and was so enthusiastic that I automatically unbuttoned and buttoned again my coat thrice. Whether I made a long speech or a short one I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one, if I had not felt my ideas oozing out of my finger's ends. The court decided against us, erroneously, as I of course thought, for the young lawyer is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner in small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leader and I also read "Mr.—— followed on the same side."

With due apologies to all lawyers.

T. S. G.

NEELA AND THE DIAMOND STAR.

O smiling twinkling Diamond Star,
Peeping through the casement bar,
Shed thy twinkling light divine!
And o'er my sleepy eye-brows shine.

Where is thy mistress gone tonight,
The pale-faced dame, of silver light?
Belike she swims the ethereal sea
Singing her song unheard, in glee.

I trust thee well, thy light I love;
But like her not—crooked as a bow
Albeit in 'mystic samite' clad;
And papa says she'll make one mad.

O wilt thou keep watch all the night,
Pouring thy merry twinkling light
Over my bed ?—with many a hue
Now red, now yellow, purple, blue.

Feeble and faint glimmers thy face,
All still and slow proceeds thy pace ;
Yet from the distance far away,
I seem to hear thy lullaby gay.

"Sleep, Neela, sleep! for in the morn
You'll dart about, and like the fawn
Dance around the garden-bowers
And sing amidst the fragrant flowers.

At eve you watched the fire-fly swarms
That star-like more in myriad forms.
— Your merry limbs are wearily piled;
Sleep, Neela, sleep in the star-light mild!"

S. S. TYAGARAJAN.

MUSINGS

THE SINKING SUN.

Nay, here's a scene where Nature unveileth her glory in her innocent form into the world. Pause a while, O buoyant youth, and enjoy her pomp.

Kindly clear away O gracious cloud! Stand thou aside, and let the young man taste the splendour of the setting sun. Why barrest thou the blitheful beams of the sun, and send them up in a column to the desert air above? Through the gathering dust, gild thy borders with gold? Go thou there unto thy mates who in all their various hues of gold and yellow, upon the blue ærial ocean swim in majesty.

How blessed are these singing birds that give a graceful adieu unto the retiring sun, flying towards him with their pinions shining as they heave up and down!

How radiant is thy form, that red disc of thine, O Sun! Why didst thou hide thy dazzling rays from our view? Wherefrom spring these pleasing rays of golden hue? Where the smelting furnace and the skilful Smith?

Gape no more, friend, at the smiling sinking sun yonder, beneath the trees, beneath the forms, leaving behind the painted clouds and the slowly darkening lands-cape; Nature trieth to gladden all. He hath to illumine the other world, pouring his merry morning rays, upon the field and fallow, the hill and the vale, where the shepherd waiting standeth in his candid cloak to greet the sun with his bleating sheep of velvet skin,

* * * *

THE STREAM.

Striding up along a narrow brook I saw the weeds on the banks—weeds of various creed, Argued I then:—The same water floweth down and the earth fertile all through. Some are young and green, others brown and withered; some bent as if with age, others straight up with bloom. One is hiding itself from view as if with shame to be with the group in gloom; another, a neighbour, up from amidst the gathering, sternly stands. Why?—

THE RIVER AND THE CANAL.

Merrily dawns the blooming morn, merrier yet doth blow the bugle horn. Over the greens and fields and through the raptured air its anthem shoots like the swiftest arrow, The sweet birds upon the trees, tall and green, warble and sing in their melodious voice like the angels in heaven.

Mild and majestic flows the wide river on one side of me without a frown; calm and quiet it rolls, its mighty waters.

On the bridge of the young torrent of the branching canal stand I. Gurgling and whirling are the waters below. Dashing and furious like an army its jets march on; loud and wrathful the waters roar up. High rises the spray of its billows.

—How this offspring rushes down in all its youthly fury, while its parent rolleth on, almost in silence!

* * *

ON THE BANK OF THE CAUVERI AT KATUPUTUR.

How sweet is this scene of Nature! How splendidly her angelic hand hath wrought in this wild shore!

Beautiful yet awe-inspiring lieth the mountain yonder, faint and gray like a black monster in his slumber far awsy.

Thy summit cleaveth the heavens O majestic mountain! and thou liest careless in sloth fearing none. Thou seemest to be near, that I might try to embrace thy huge form! but, O! the distance between! Faint and long are the crooked vales and mounds that lie in the way; but the lofty trees cover them.

Thou smilest at these rushing waters that gleam in the sun. Their waves clamour and march and dash against the rocky bank. Justling one another the waves make their way and dance in the golden beams of the sun.

Chill blows the western wind; but sweet and gentle the sounds it brings from the pleasant birds.

Bless'd be the plier of the basket-ferry, who, of the rocky ford propels his basket singing loud, looks at the misty mountain and the rolling waters, and rows in merriment across the gay river!

* * * *

THE UNTIDY COAT.

Mamma, this coat is dirty; wilt thou remove it? when wilt thou?

I gave it thee clean and white; thou hadst made it foul.

Yes, mamma, I'ld like to see the King; this uncouth coat I find bars me the way.

Why, my boy!

How can I 'scape the guards at the gates with the drawn out swords? The glitter of the steel will not awe me; but O, this awkward coat!

Nay my boy call it not so. 'Tis thy fault that it is untidy. Canst thou set out to see the king without thy coat? I'll give thee another new; ugly it not.

Alas! —

Nay, fear not my child. Keep the new one I give thee clean and white. Make thyself fair with no sorrow-clouded eye or guilt-abashed look and pass the gatesmen on.

Wear the new coat and dirty it not? Then give me no new one. O mamma, this coat is dirty; wilt thou remove it?—Yet I'll see the *King*.

S. S. TYAGARAJAN.

THE SCIENCE OF THE HINDUS.

That the Hindus were the oldest nation in the world to make scientific investigations is accepted by the majority of philosophers and scholars of ancient Hindu literature. Even recent researches have proved the antiquity of Hindu science and civilisation. No doubt the Greeks have auticipated any other nation in the world, save the Hindus, in the matter of 'thinking' about the work of Nature and determining how she does her work, obeying certain laws undergoing certain transformations and at last relapsing to the position which she occupied originally. For wherein does science lie if not in thinking? Man is endowed with the power of thinking, but every man does not think. Our forefathers, you know were great Rishis or sages i.e, thinkers. It is by thinking that they have laid the foundation stone of science upon which we have built the superstructure so high, yet not too high since our posterity can build higher up still. What they thought and learnt, they taught. The Greeks, like the other nations of the world also, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Hindus for the knowledge they have acquired from them.

But some of the western philosophers are not willing to ascribe the antiquity of science to the Hindus. In their eager

desire to confer the credit upon the Greeks, they sometimes lose sight of reason, and twist facts, even againt their conscience. Is this due to national jealousy or insular prejudice? One of such men is Haas. He doubts the originality of Hindu Medicine when his own friends are of opinion that the seed of modern science and civilisation was sown in the Indian soil. Owing to the intervention of such biased European scholars, we are rendered unable to arrive at the exact ages of some of our scientists. Sir P. C. Ray writes., 'A History of Hindu Chemestry.

"We have been at some pains in arriving at an approximate age of the composition of the susruta (the first and greatest medical work by an author of the same name), because attempts have been made now and then by a certain school of European scholars to prove that the medical work of the Hindus one of comparatively recent date. Haas has propounded the bold and astounding theory that the systematic development of Hindu Medicine took place between the 10th and 16th centuries. A. D We shall see later on that this is precisely the period which marks, the decadence of the Hindu intellect in the field of medicine and mathematics. Vide "Decline of scientific spirit" pp. 104—107. We should not have thought it necessary to discuss seriously the various arguments which Haas adduces in support of his views, some of which Dr Hoerule curtly disposes of as "an elaborate joke". were it not for this fact that the German critic represents a school which cannot or will not see anything in India which can claim originality or antiquity. In his blind zeal to support this theory, Haas had been led into the most egregious blunders. He comes to the strange conclusion that the works of Vagbhata, Madhave and Sarngadara and others supply the germs out of which the Charaka (the original medical work) Susruta have been elaborated, forgetting or ignoring that the former repeatedly and gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the latter."

"Haas is anxious to prove that the Hindus borrowed their notions of humoral pathology from the Greeks, and that the origins of Indian Medicine are to be looked for in the writings of Galen and Hippocrates; indeed, he goes so far as to suggest that the very name of Susruta is derived from the Arabic word *Sukrat* (Socrates) which is offen confounded with Bukiat, the Arabic corruption of the Greek Hippocrates. No less preponderous is the etimology of Kasi (Benares) which Haas derives from kos, the native place of Hippocrates. There is certainly a strange similarity between the chapter on "Initiation" in the Charaka and the "Eides" of Aesculapius, as pointed out by Rothe, and there is also much in common between the doctrine of humoral pathology of the Greeks and the Hindus respectively,—suggesting that borrowing may have taken place on one side or the other. But the Hindus would seem to have priority of time in their favour. "(In the Rig Veda).

त्रिधातु शर्म वहतं शुभस्पतो ।

Sayana's commentary to the above :—

हे शुभस्पतो शोभनस्य औषधजातस्य पातु कौ युवां त्रिधातु वात पित्त श्लेष्म शमन विषयं शर्म सुखं वहतम् प्रापयतम् ॥

"The doctrine of humoral pathology or at any rate the first beginnings of it can be traced so for back as the Kime of the Rig Veda.

Early Buddhist literature and Panini also furnish us with evidence to the same end.

In the Varttikas of Katyayana also 4th to 3rd century B. C. the three humours of vata(air), pitta (bile) and sleshma (phlegm) are janked together."

"It is therefore evident that almost before the birth of Hippocrates, the Hindus had elaborated a system of medicine, based upon the humoral pathology. And yet Haas would have it that the Greeks, in the field of medicine as in several others were the pioneers and the first teachers of the world."

Let us take two instances more, before we arrive at a conclusion.

"Cantor, the historian of mathematics was so much struck with the resemblance between the Greek geometry and the Sulva Sutras, that he, as is natural to a European, concluded that the latter were influeneed by the Alexandrian School of Hero (215 B. C.) The Sulva Sutras, however date from about the 8th centnry B C and Dr. Thibaut has shown that the geometrical theorem of the 47th proposition, Book I, which tradition ascribes to Pythagoras (the thoerem of Pythagoras which we will deal with at length, when we come to geometry) was solved by the Hindus at least two centuries earlier, thus confirming the conclusion of N. Schroeder that the Greek philosopher owed his inspiration to India."

Pythagoras lived about 510 B. C. and he had travelled as far as the East Indies There is every probability of his having crossed India, and learning his philosophy therefrom.

"The doctrine of metampsychosis" or the transmigration of souls through different orders of animal existence is the main feature by which the Pythagorean philosophy is popularly known. The sage Kapila (to whom we owe the Sankhya system of philosophy) who lived one or two centries before Pythagoras, probably about the 8th century B. C. is said to have first taught the theory of transmigration of souls to his disciples. In the Bhagavat Gita Sri Lord Krishna says to Arjuna that the soul is eternal, and that it is not killed when the body is slaughtered.

न जायते म्रियते वा कदाचिन्नायं भूत्वा भविता वा न भूयः ।
अजो नित्यः शाश्वतो अयं पुराणो न हन्यते हन्यमाने शरीरे ॥

"Nor must we forget that the most Scientific grammar that the world has ever produced, with its alphabet based on thoroughly phonetic principles was composed in India about the 7th or 8th century B. C. As Prof. Macdonell remarks, "We Europeans...........2000 years later, and in a scientific age, still employ an alphapet which is not only inadequate to represent

all the sounds in our language, but even preserves the raudom order in which vowels and consonants are jumbled up as they were in the greek adaptation of the primitiive semitic arrangement of 3000 years ago-

"It is curious to reflect that the upholders of the 'Greek culture' are often found ready, though unconsciously to twist and torture facts, and conclusion to serve their own purpose and reserve to themselves the benefit of doubt as regards date; but whenever the priority of the Hindus is unquestionable an appeal is made to the theory of common origin and independent parallelism of growth. These scholars seem to smart under a sense of injury if they have to confess that Europe owes an intellectual debt to India, hence many a futile attempt to explain away positive historical facts. It may not be superfluous to add here that Alberuni, before he took up the Study of Sanskrit entertained notions similar to those of Haas, d'Alviella and others, but after his intimate acquientance with the literature of the Hindus, he had to change or modify his views."

We have been rather too long in refuting the statements of Mr. Haas and his companion and proving them to have been grounded on a peculiar racial basis. Let us conclude our introductory remarks upon the antiquity of the Hindu Sciences and begin to consider the several subjects, the various ramifications of scientific literature and see to what end they prove our statement.

From what has been said above, it will be easily seen that the Hindus are entitled to claim originality in respect of scientific and mathematical investigations. The Híndus, the Arabs, the Germans, the English and all the other nations, so say the historians, were formerly (*i. e.*, when India, Arabia, Germany, Italy and England were unexplored and occupied only by savages and other aboriginal tribes) the inhabitants of central Asia, from which they branched off towards east, south, west and north, as the population increased and forced them to emigrate. It is not our present purpose to ascertain how far

this is true. Even granting this to be true, the Hindus were the foremost to till the soil of science. The Arabs have carried the intellectual treasures from the East and exported them to the west. Thereby the originality of the West in certian departments of science is not denied.

"The Arabs are acknowledged on all hands to have played a prominent part in the propagation of science and mathematics in the west. When in the dark and the Middle ages, the lamp of knowledge had begun to burn very low in Europe, and even when the very vestiges of Greek culture and learning had all but disappeared, save in the obscure and dingy cells of the monk, it was the Arabs who carried there the accumulated intellectual treasures of the East and thus laid the foundation, so to speak, of modern European greatness"!

It will, perhaps, be not out of place to discuss here briefly as to how much India indirectly contributed to this result in the departments of medicine, pharmacy and other kindred subjects. The author of Kita-bul-Fihrist, who wrote towards the middle of the tenth century, Haji Khalifa and Ibu Abu Usai Biah, who flourished at the commencement of the 13th century distinctly mention that by order of the caliphs Heroun Alraschid and Mansur, several standard Hindu works on medicine, meteria medica and theurapeutics were translated into Arabic. The information on the subject has been gathered at length by Diety Muller and other Arabic scholars."

"In medicine the evidence is more positive and it is clear that the Charaka, the Susruta, the treatise called Nidana on diagnosis and others on poisons, diseases of women, and theurapeutics, all familiar to Hindu Science, were translated and studied by the Arabs in the days of Haroun and Mansur, either from the originals or translations, made at a still earlier period, into the language of Persia". (Vide Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society old series pp 105-115).

"Flugel states on the authority of Kitab-el.-Fihrist that Susrid (the sanskrit name of Susruta, thus corrupted into

Arabic) was translated by Maukh the Indian, who cured Haroun Alraschid of a severe illness and was appointed physician in charge of the Royal Hospital. We also learn that a work on the officinal plants of India was rendered into Arabic by the same Maukh. The other comperhensive Sanskrit treatise, the Charaka was also fully laid under contribution. We have ample and overwhelming testimony of Arabie writers, not only of Haji Khalifa, that Hindu Astronomy, Algebra and medicine were zealously studied by their compatriots and many Hindu servants were induced to reside at the court of the Caliphs as their instructors. Musulman students, in their eager thirst for knowledge, used to flock to the centres of learning in India, and there drank deep at the very fountain head. Indeed, it had come to be regarded as an essential part of completing one's liberal education to travel to India and learn the sciences first hand."

Such was the glory of the Hindu Science.

ASTRONOMY.

The study of the heavens and the heavenly inhabitants has engaged the attention of mankind in all ages of the world. The Hindus seem to have paid particular attention to astronomy as their offering of sacrifices and doing other religious functions required the proper time at which the planets were at the fullest.

Hence the first elementary knowledge of the astronomical science is discernible in the Rig Veda itself. (R. C. Dutt's "A History of ancient civilisation in India.") The year was divided into twelve months, and sometimes a thirteenth or intercalary month was also included in order to adjust the lunar with the Solar yesr (I. XXV. 8.) The six seasons of the year were called Madha, Madhava, Sukra, Suchi, Nabha and Nabhasya, and were associated with different gods. (II 36). The moon was observed in its different phases and each phase was identified with a god. Thus Raka is the full moon, Sinivali is the last day before the new moon, and Gungu, the new moon. (II.

32). The position of the moon with regard to the Nakshatras or the lumar mansions is also alluded to (VIII 3-20.) and some of the constellations of the lunar mansions were also named in (X. 85-13.) Itwould appear from this that the Nakshatras were observed and named in the Vedic age. (B. C. 2000-1400), and it was in the Epic period that the lunar zodiac was fully settled. (B. C. 1400-1000).

"In the Epic period," there was a considerable progress. Astronomy had now come to be regarded as a distinct science and astronomers by profession were called Nakshatra Darsa and Ganaka (Taittraiya Brahmana. IV. 5. White Yajur Veda. XXX. 10/20.) The twenty-eight lunar mansions are also enumerated in the Black Yajur Veda, and a second and a later enumeration occurs in the Atharva Samhita and in the Taittraiya Brahmana. An interesting passage in Satapatha Brahmana shows how sacrificial rites were regulated by the position of the moon in reference to these lunar asterisms. The following are a few extracts :—

"1. He may set up two fires under the Krittikas, (the Pleiades), for they the Krittikas are doubtless Agni's asterism.

"6. He may also set up his fires under Rohini, for under Rohini, it was that Prajapathi, when desirous of progeny set up his fires.

"8. He may also set up his fires under the asterism of Mrigasirsha, for Mrigasirsha is indeed the head of Prajapathi ....He may also set up his fires under the Phalgunis, they the Phalgunis are Indra's asterism, and even correspond to him in name, for Indra is also called Arjuna, this being his mystic name, and they (Phalgunis) are called Arjunis."

"12. Let him set up his fire under the asterism Hastha whoseever wishes that presents should be offered him then indeed they will take place forthwith, for whatever is offered with the hand (Hastha), that indeed is given to him.

"13. He may also set up his fire under chitra" etc. etc. etc.

It will thus appear that the setting up of the sacrificial fire was thus regulated by the constellations. In the same way sacrifices lasting for a year were regulated by the sun's annual course. Dr. Martin Hangr, the editor and translator of Aitareya Brahmana had made some excellent remarks on this subject in his introduction, which deserve to be quoted :—

"The greatest number of sacrifices takes place genarally in spring in the months of chitra and vishakha. (April and May). The *Sattras* which lasted for a year were, as one may learn from a careful perusal of the fourth book Aitareys Brahmana nothing, but an imitation of the sun's yearly course. They were divided into two distinct parts each consisting of six months of thirty days each; in the midst of both was the Vishuvan (i.e.,) equator or central day cutting the whole *sattra* into two halves. The ceremonies were in both the halves exactly the same, but they were in the latter half performed in an inverted order. This represents the increase of the days in the northérn and their decrease in the southern progress; for both increase and decrease take place exactly in the same proportions.

The prominent French savant Biot, the German scholar Lasseu and other European scholars indulged in conjectures as to the foreign origin of Hindu Astronomy. But Prof. Weber after disposing of the chinese origin of the Nakshatras proves that the Arab lunar mansions were imported by the Arabs from India. We can see the names of the Nakshattras themselves in genuine sanskrit as the constellation Hastha, connoting the resemblance of a group of stars with the hand. Colebrooke has at last come to this conclusion, "seemingly their own ; it was certainly borrowed by the Arabians." We shall finish the controversy with a passage from Max Muller who puts forward the common sense view of the subject.

"The twenty seven Nakshatras or constellations which were chosen in India as a kind of lunar Zodiac were supposed to have come from Babylon. Now the Babylonian Zodiac was solar, and in spite of repeated, researches, no trace of a lunar

Zodiac has been found, where so many things have been found in the cuneiform inscriptions. But supposing even that a lunar Zodiac had been discovered in Babylon no one acquainted with Vedic literature, and with the ancient Vedic ceremonial, would easily allow himself to be persuaded that the Hindus had borrowed that simple division of the sky from the Babylaonians.

The Hindus were not contented with fixing the lunar Zodiac. They also observed the solstitial points wherewith the dates of momentous events were fixed before hand. The months were named after the lunar constellation in which the moon was at is full in the particular month. According to Bentlay the lunar Zodiac was fixed in 1426. B. C. and the months were named in 1184 B. C. (India: What can it teach us (1883) pp. 126).

The Astronomical Science was thus growing in India until Varahamihira (530-587 A. D.), one of the galaxy of learned men under king Vikramarka, started new theories, found new laws and compiled all of them in his 'Brahatsamhita' His observations are very valuable for the accuracy with which they were taken. A few of them are worthy of notice.

"One half of the moon whose orbit lies between the sun and the earth is always bright by the sun's rays, the other half is dark by its own shadow like the two sides of a pot standing in the sun shine."

After alluding to the popular notion that Rahu as the demon that causes eclipse by devouring part of the sun or moon, he says:—The true explanation of the phenomena is this: in an eclipse of the moon, he enters into the earth's shadow; in a solar eclipse, the same thing happens to the sun. Hence the commencement of the lunar eclipse does not take place frem the west side nor that of the solar eclipse from the east." 10.

In the 8th century A. D. We have the Arya Sidhanta of Arya Bhatta. Even so late, India seems to have retained its Astronomical knowledge to herself. Jai Sing II Raja of Jaipur is said to have been a celebrated astronomer. He

erected observatiares at Jeypore, Delhi, Benares, Muttra and Ujjain (the last was their Greenwich) and he was able to correct the astronomical tables of Delative published in 1702, before the French accepted the Newtonian Astronomy. His observatories at Benares still exists. He left behind him a list of stars collated by himself......(Brihat sambita (quoted in A and M 1, Vol. p. 371).

Cassini, Bailey and Playfair have stated that observations taken by the Hindu astronomers upwards of 3000 years before Christ are still extant and prove a considerable degree of progress made at that period; but Laplace and Delambre deny the authenticity of the observations and consequently the validity of the conclusion, yet all astronomers admit the great antiquity of the Hindu observations. The Astronomical rule relating to the calendar was drawn up in the 14th century before Christ, and Parasara, the first writer on astronomy, of whose writings many portions remain, appears to have flourished about the same time.

ASTROLOGY.

Hindu knowledge of Astrology was at par with, if not greater than, their knowledge of Astronomy because astrological predictions are based upon astronomical calculations. In order to fix the dates for the performance of sacrificial rites a thorough acquaintance with astrology was essential and so the Hindus had cultivated this art to no less a degree of perfection and excellence.

They knew well how to cast horscopes and thereby determine the extensive life reading of a man or woman. The Vaisyas used to go to the astrologers before they ventured on a business and asked them if their planets were favourable and if they would succeed in their mercantile enterprises; or the poor cultivator could be found waiting at the door of a prophet to know whether his crops would yield well.

As usual, the aspect of the various planets was divided into twelve divisions and it was supposed that each house (for so

each of the divisions is called) was owned by a certain Lord or Lords. Also each house was said to represent a particular career, or connection, or experience of a person's life. Thus the I house, meant life ; II house, riches ; III house, brothers ; IV house, parents ; V house, children ; VI house, health ; VII house, marriage ; VIII house, death ; IX house, religion ; X house, dignities; XI house, friends and XII house, enemies.

Each lord would produce the maximum effect if he lived in his own house or in the house where he was at his best *i. e.*, where he was a Uchchan. The effect would be most malignant if the lord of any house or residing in any house happened to be at his worst *i. e.*, where he was a Neechan. A thousand rules of this kind, astrology had, and sometimes the calculations as of a man's correct age had to be arrived at through complicated methods. But we find that the astrology of the west which was developed many years later, was almost coincedent with the Hindu form. Thus we see both the Hindu and the western astrologers saying that saturn being far away from the sun is cold in nature, that Jupiter, Venus and Moon are temperate and benighant, that Satur n and Mars are the most dangerous to deal with and that the sun and the moon have no considerable power for themselves except the capacity for accelerating the influences of the other planets.

(To be continued).

R. THIAGARAJAN,
III Class Group 1.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE EIGHTH OLD BOY'S DAY OF THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGE KUMBAKONAM.

The old Boys' day came off on the 3rd September. One marked feature of this year's celebration was that the present students of the college also were invited to take part in it. In the morning there was a boat race between the past and the present students in which as was expected, the present students came out sucessfull. The business meeting of the old boys association was then held, to elect the office-bearers and the members of the excutive committee for the new year. Rao Sahib P. Rajagopala Iyer was again elected as President. Messrs. T. Krishnaswamy Iyangar, B.A.B.L., and P V. Ramachandrachariar, M.A.L.T., were elected as Secretaries. The following gentlemen were electeted as members ofthe Executive Committee. Messrs. K. R. Srinivasa Iyangar, M.A., Revenue Commissioner Bangalore. K. Narasimha Iyangar, B A.B.L., H. C. Vakil Madras. K. Seshadri Iyer, B.A.B.L., H. C. Vakil, Mayavaram. V. R. Sundaresa Iyer, L. M. S., Asst. Surgeon, Tanjore. S. Raghava Iyangar Avl., B.A B.L., Small Cause Judge. Trichy. K. K. Sundaram Iyer, B A.B.L., H. C. Vakil, Negapatam. K. V. Ramasamy Iyer, B.A.B.L., High Court Vakil Madura, C. S Krishnamurthi Iyer, M.A.L T., Hindu College, Tinnevelly. Rao Bahadur N. Krishnasamy Iyangar, B.A.B.L., H. C. Vakil. Rao Sahib C. R. Lakshmivaraha Iyangar, B.A.B.L., H. C. Vakil. Rao Bahadur S. Appusastriar, B.A., Headmaster, Native High School. T. K. Sivarama Iyer, B.A.B.L , H. C. Vakil. R. Swaminatha Iyer, B A.L.T., Headmaster, Town High School. Aramudu Iyangar, B.A.B.L., Pleader, P. S. Ramasamy Iyer, B.A.B.L., Pleader. A. Subarmaniya Iyer, B.A., N. Thiruvengadatha Iyangar, B.A.B.L., High Court Vakil, Kumbakonam.

In the evening at 2 P.M. the old boys and the new boys met in a Social gathering at which light refreshments were served to all and at 4 P.M. there was a tennis match in which the old Boys won. The public meeting commenced at 5-30 P.M. under the

presidency of Rao Bahadur S. Appusastrigal. Owing to the unavoidable absence of our Principal, the welcome address was read by Rao Sahib T. K. Hanumantha Rao. The President then gave away, the prizes to the winners in the boat-race and in the Tennis match; and the medals to the successful candidates in the various Essay competitions. Rao Bahadur N. Krishnaswamy Ayangar's Gold Medal for English prize essay was awarded to Mr. R. Venkatachari and Rao Bahadur A. Rengaswamy Aiyangar's Popularity medals were awarded to S. Krishnamachari of the IV class and R. Sivaraman of the II class. Then the President delovered a long and interesting address. The toasts of the King Emperor, the College, Old Boys, New Boys and the Public were then proposed and duly responded to With the Singing of "God Save the King" the meeting came to a close at 7-30 P. M.

The welcome address by Rao Sahib P. Rajagopala Iyer, the President of the Kumbakonam College Old Boy's Association

Students of the College Past and Present and Gentlemen:—

I have very great pleasure in extending heartily to you, the right hand of welcome to-day, when we are met to celebrate the eighth anniversary of the Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association correctly described as the Old Boys' Day. It is a unique and special occasion unique in this, that all old boys, new boys and outside gentry interested in the progress and welfare of this College, are invited to see for themselves how this institution is getting on, and special by in that the old boys meet one another in solemn conclave, discuss, and formulate schemes for the betterment of this Institution.

The K. C. O. B. association is a registered Association, registered under The Charitable Endowdment Act, provided with funds by philanthropic gentlemen, the most notable of them being that Prince of Benefactors—an old boy—Mr. N. R. Aiyar of Calcutta. No institution can carry on work however benevolent and laudable it may be, without an adequate supply of funds. This year the funds at the disposal of the committee

having became very limited, they are not in a position to carry on this beneficent work to such a large extent as in the previous years. No new scholarships could be given. There is just enough merely to carry on the scholarships from the I into the II class and from the III into the IV class.

I appeal to you, all old boys to secure more members for the association since I know that there are still a large number of old boys who have not become members. I also appeal to such of the old boys as are in very affluent circumstances to lend their helping hand to the association.

I am glad to report to you that the work turned out by the college is steadily improving and bearing year after year, better results. One of the boys helped by the association in the B. A. has become the first in the Presidency *in English.*—out of twelve from B. A. seven passed in both the parts and two only partially, while in the Intermediate out of 5 who were helped, 3 had a full pass.

You will all agree with me when I say that the location of the College in such surroundings is one of the best which I have seen. It is divided and yet undivided from the town by the sacred river mother Cauvery. Free from the turmoils and and bustle of the town, and yet near enough to note what all are happening inside the town, your hopes and fears, your acts and words, your virtues and foibles, your successes and failures, your aspirations, your rejoicings and sorrows, in fact, every one of your activities find a distant reflection here, and go to shape and mould the character, temperament and ambition of the young budding citizens of to-morrow, who go over here for a university course. You are a macro-cosm and everything done in that macro-cosm will find a distant echo in this micro-cosm and leave an impress there, it may be for the good—if good, the better, and if otherwise highly regrettable. You as leaders of thought and action in the work-a-day world, have a great responsibility in that by your activities you become the guiding star for them. The influence

which myself and my colleagues exert on the young wards entrusted to our care will not bear fruit to the fullest measure unless and until it is largely supplemented by your exertion from outside. Quite a very large percentage of the students. nearly 75 percent live amongst and amidst you and so, it is no wonder that they come more under the influence of the surroundings wherein they spend the major portion of their time. There are several ways in which you can help directly or indirectly the students. I shall take one concrete instance It is common knowledge that a new India is in the making and in order that the making of a new India may become a realised fact, it is quite necessary that the bricks of this magnificent structure should be strong and hard, capable of bearing the tremendous strains to which they will be subjected to in every day life. Now I ask you gentlemen, to think seriously and tell me whether our youngsters who are to be the bricks of that grand edifice have the necessary physical stamina to carry on the burden. It is a hard and a cruel fact that the batches of young students who seek admission into the college carry on them marked evidence that they have become physically degenarated. The physical build, robustness of constitution and simplicity of life of the boys with whom I played and studied while I was a student at school and at college have now become a rare commodity. I have taken a statistical survey of the physical build of boys of the last year and this year, (Vide Appendix A) and to my dismay I find that the great majority of them are physically much deteriorated ; I am taking the trouble to infuse into them a love for sports and games and to cater to their needs have placed at their disposal all the resources at my command. But the response is rather disappointing. At the time of admission into the college each student was given the option of choosing a game or two suited to his predilections or taste, but the number that actually spend their time in the college grounds for games &c is very small. Students have not learnt the advantage of spending an hour or two in the college-green after the arduous work of the day is over under the college buildings.

There is no rule by which I can compel students to take to games and I do not wish for such a rule. Public opinion must be so formed and directed, that the very air which the students breathe, is surcharged with a love for sports and games. You can help me by forming such a public opinion. Some of you can set an example by opening up your own fields wherein manly games and sports can be played. Some of you possessing the necessary capacity can become honorary members of the college games Association and help the members by your catching skill and infuse into them a greater love for these games. Every parent and guardian can also help by insisting on their wards that they do take part in their games, and breathe for a longer period the god-given purer air of the college compound rather than inhale the rather suspicious and unwholesome air of their habitations by minimising the number of hours of their stay in such places. The Town can organise a boating club and give a stimulus and a helping hand to the college boat club. To make young boys hardy and, self-reliant no better training can be thought of than that system devised by Sir R. Baden Powell, Viz. Scouting.

You as citizens of this great Town are not shouldering the duties you owe to the rising generation by not taking by the forelock this peculiar system of training which makes a wasting burdensome young boy into something which is seeable, and a more useful member of the society. All the wide world over, scouting has caught on and is making itself felt as a very potent weapon for making the youths of the country to become useful citizens—useful in its fullest significance, to the country to which they belong.

The Government have made arrangements for giving youngsters military training by opening up-a University corps into which graduates and under-graduates in training can enter, and a Territorial force has also been organised intowhich suitable citizens can enter. It is incumbent on you gentlemen as leaders, as citizens, to set an example for yongsters to copy, by joining the territorial force and thus lay the foundation-stone for

the rekindling of the almost dead martial instinct. If you thus lead the way, then, you will be much helping me in my endeavours to have a University corps for the College.

The above are some of the ways on the constructive side of the programme for the bringing up cf a robust youth out of the indifferent material with which we are now confronted. There is yet another side which I may call the reforming side, without which the full effects of the former cannot be realised ; I mean that you must direct your attention to the present curriculam of studies which takes away the life-blood of the youths and make them physical wrecks. The object of Education is to draw out the latent powers of the brain and to discipline the various faculties in it. Is it absolutely necessary that such a training should be done and could be done only through the medium of a difficult foreign language? We have made a fetish of it and many a youth has been wrecked at its alter without their knowing it. Remove it and free the youngsters; allow them to develop by means of their vernaculars. It is far more easy far more natural, far better adapted to our national ideals and tastes. It is stated that a passed man now a days knows neither his vernacular nor his English well. The cry everywhere is that the knowledge of English is too poor ; nowhere is the cry that the knowledge of the vernacular is almost dead. Can you hope to become a nation without taking the masses with you? Can you succeed in it without cultivating your acquaintance with the vernacular to the highest possible pitch? The ideal condition which I aim at and to which I request you to direct your special attention is, that all instruction be it in the College or School, should be imparted in the vernacular and that English should be taught only as a second language. If you succeed in the attempt there will be a double gain. Knowledge will be acquired easily and the powers of the mind disciplined easily, with the attendant advantage that the mental strain on the youths will be removed and they will be in a fair way to develop a strong and robust body. No country has made any progress by the adoption wholesale of a foreign tongue. Even

England after the Norman conquest could boast of a social unity and material advancement, only after displacing the official language French, by the language of the Country. Japan is progressing by the adoption of Japanese for all purposes. There may be some difficulties at the outset in such a change. But they are not of such a nature as to be insurmountable. Fifty-years ago all transactions in the courts and elsewhere were conducted in the vernaculars with eminent success.

There are still a number of things in which the old boys and the gentry can take an active interest and advance the cause of Education. There is a Hostel attached to the College. It is registered under the charitable endowments Act. Funds are required to extend the existing accommodation and to rebuild one of the non-vegetarian kitchens. The latter was presented by the late Mr. Ponnusamy Nadar of this town and is in a dangerous condition threatening to come down at any moment.

There is again a great problem, awaiting solution. It is a problem of problems. viz., "*The University Reconstruction.*"

In the early seventies, three patriots, embodiments of the Hindu Trinity Brahma, Vishnu, and Maheswara conspired together for killing the evil of darkness, ignorance, and willed 'Let there be a school' and forthwith came a school. After some years when the infant School had tided over the Balarishta stage, one of them withdrew. After some years when it blossomed forth into robust youth, yet another of them withdrew. From that time onwards the third of the Trinity has kept his ward in sturdy manhood, spreading beneficence all round, to all the young votaries of learning who flocked to his fold. Need I tell you, gentlemen, who that third of that Trinity is? It is our President—elect of to-day;

Brahmasri Vidya Pracharana Pravina, Vidya Kulapati,

RAO BAHADUR S. APPU SASTRIGAL.

who in his quinque-partite capacity of Founder, Proprietor, Manager, Head-master and Correspondent of one of the oldest institutions in this Town, The Native High School, has done

yeoman's service to the spread of Secondary Education in this part of the Presidency. His School has been for the past nearly half a century one of the great feeders of this college. Himself one of the oldest of the old boys has made Education his life—work. Successive Governors, High Court Judges, and several eminent men who have visited his institution and judged of it have praised him for his unselfish work. His motto has been-what Lord Sri Krishna said.

* कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन ।
मा कर्मफलहेतुर्भूर्मा ते सङ्गोऽस्त्वकर्मणि॥

It is such a one whom the committee requested to honour them by being the President of to-day. To me there is a touch of personal pride in the choice of this year's President, in that I belong to one of his flock; and now gentlemen without more ado and with your kind permission I take the liberty of requesting the President to deliver his address.

The President's Speech.

The following is the speech delivered by Rao Bahadur S. Appu Sastrigal president of the Eighth Old Boy's Day :—

* *"Thy business is with the action only, never with its fruits; so let not the fruit of action be thy motive, nor be thou to inaction attached."*. *(Tr. By Dr. Annie Besant.)*

I feel deeply grateful to the Executive Committee of the Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association for the great honour they have done me today. I consider it a rare privilege to be called upon to preside at this annual gathering. The loving regard and courtesy with which the members invited me to preside, afford me infinite gratification. If there is anything to mark this feeling, it is my extreme diffidence that I may not satisfy your expectation and do justice to this important function. I feel it therefore my duty to say somethiug that I have learnt from long experience, though I labour under no small disadvantage in coming after many illustrious and eloquent speakers.

When one thinks of the Kumbakonam College, one means, for the most part, Messrs W. A. Porter and Rao Bahadur T. Gopal Rao whose names have become household words in Southern India. They have been examples for all teachers and students to follow. They are still honoured and remembered with pride by all the students of this College, who requested H. E. Lord Willingdon the other day;—(28th October 1921)—to unveil their portraits. They endeared themselves to their students by their eminent scholarship, their single-minded devotion to duty and their genuine sympathy and thus made this College one of the foremost Colleges in this presidency.

Mr. Porter came out to India as head-master of the Government High School in 1863, which he raised to the rank of a first grade College in less than ten years. He made himself the idol of his boys by his devotion to work and his high sense of duty. He assisted poor and deserving boys with gifts of money and books. I take this opportunity of mentioning his name with pride, love, and gratitude, as I was myself the recipient of small favours—money for school fees and cricket materials, for I delighted in cricket. Several of the recipients of these gifts of money are now holding positions of trust and responsibility. Mr. Porter delighted in cricket. I have played cricket with him and with several successive principals, in the College grounds. I have always taken a keen interest in physical culture. I have heard

from the late Mr. Edmund Thompson, Mr. Porter's pupil that Mr Porter was in a position to teach a class of Senior Wranglers when he became a Wrangler, though he was not the senior wrangler of his year; such was his mathematical greatness. The late Rai Bahadur P. Ranganatha Mudaliar, himself a great mathematician admired Mr Porter's mathamatical attainments after hearing him teach Astronomy in the B. A. class one day. He was also an impressive teacher of English. I had the honour of sitting at his feet in the B. A. classes in 1874 and 75, when he taught shakespeare, Bacon, Shelley and Mill. He was a Barrister-at-Law, though he never practised Law. I have heard from the late Mr. Ranganatha Mudaliar and the late Mr. Justice Muthuswamy Iyer that Mr. Holloway a haughty lawyer, used to speak highly of Mr. Porter's attainments in Law. Such a great professor was not only not properly treated by the Government but superseaded by a civilian. He left Madras for Mysore where he was better appreciated and where he did excellent service. Mysore owes its greatness to him. He made it a Model State. With all his greatness, he was simple, modest, and easily accessible to all.

The late Mr. Gopala Rao a native of Tandalam near Valangiman was a self-made scholar. He passed the B. A. in the first-class—the rarest of all distinctions then. He served under Mr. Porter as an assistant teacher. He was a stern disciplinarian; a glance of his large eyes was a terror to all evil-doers in the class. If any student of his, had the good-fortune of hearing him teach English for twelve months he was sure to become a correct English Scholar. His attainments in Mathematics, History and Tamil were unrivalled. He knew something of Sanskrit but he knew it thorughly. His exposition of a sanskrit sloka in astrology before an assembly of eminent sanskritists, evoked their admiration and called forth their applause.

Mr. Porter was an intellectual prodigy and Mr. Gopala Rao was a Prince among graduates. All cannot hope to be equally learned; there is nothing to prevent all from being

equally earnest, patient and preserving, modest and attentive to duty and self-sacrificing. The poet says "knowledge is a step which few can climb, but duty is a path which all may tread".

Though I have not done teaching work in a college, though I cannot speak with authority on matters connected with Higher Education, I wish to say something abont it as I have taken a keen interest in everything connected with it. The chief aim of the University Bill is to establish a Teachiug and Residential University. The Bill is worth having, if the moffusil colleges are to be supplied with hostels playing grounds and all facilities for physical culture. Without funds nothing can be done by any one however great his official position.

The idea of making the Madras University, now an examining and degree-conferring corporation, into a teaching and residential University is neither new nor original. Thirty years ago H. E. Lord Harris of Bombay appealed to the Chiefs to found professional chairs, promising to found one or two chairs from Government funds. Bombay with all its pile of wealth did not succeed. How can Madras have an ideal University, now under the most discouraging circumstances and financial stringency and want of true patriotism? If at least forty or fifty lakhs of rupees are placed at the disposal of the minister of education to improve elementary, secondary and collegiate education, other benefactions may gather round the University as time rolls on.

I now turn to secondary education with which I have been closely and intimately connected for the past forty-six and a half years. The importance of this education is far-reaching. It is essential to collegiate education. If High Schools are closed, Colleges cannot exist and must disappear. Even the inferior out-put of secondary education must hinder the development of colleges. Secondary.education is the basis of all industrial training. In view of its importance the Imperial Conference

of 1911 in Allahabad, regarded the improvement of secondary education as the most urgent of all educational problems. The policy of the despatch of 1854 enunciated and emphasised in 1882, 1904, 1913 has not been given proper effect to. Successfully managed native institutions have not been encouraged adequately; self-sacrifice and success in the field of private effort have not received proper recognition. It is the duty of the government to encourage and recognise exceptionally good, efficient and self sacrificing work. It can have no justification for with-holding legitimate grants and for not giving special encouragement. I have heard that in the public schools in England the Head-Masters are handsomely remunerated. We are doing nearly the same kind of work, but the remuneration is poor.

We are supplying every department of Government with materials to carry on the work of administration. If High Schools are closed, the machinery of Government must come to a stand-still. If secondary education suffers for want of recognition and encouragement Elementary Education must elso be affected: for, High Schools alone give teachers to the elementary department and supply materials to colleges. The real foundation of all education is elementary education. Secondary education is as the superstructure with its walls and pillars and higher education is as the roof with its domes and towers. No part of the structure can be neglected without affecting the safety, the usefulness, and the beauty of the whole. Sir Richard Temple says "we cannot say that any of them is more important than the others. All are conducive to the good of the people. They are co-operative, one with the other and are interdependent. If the nation under our charge be regarded in its corporate existence, we shall find primary education implies materials for secondary education; that secondary education leads up to higher education which elevates the tone of everything below it and supplies the fittest instruments for all sorts of education."

Now, I turn to Elementary Education.

The Elementary Education act has been passed. They say it is to come into force from the 1st of September,—I mean compulsory and free education. There is discontent everywhere. The Tanjore District educational council have not done anything till now. There is great anxiety and apprehension among elementary teachers and managers, whose strong representations and protests have not been heeded. Unless relief is given, several will be ruined. How can it be compulsory and free without funds? The Government of India, after consultation with experts, said in 1913, 'the time is not yet come for free education and the principle of compulsory education is untenable. Have conditions changed for the better during the last nine years? They have become a hundred-fold worse financially. Was public opinion in Kumbakonam, where the value of education is under-stood been consulted? Were teachers of experience, ability and wisdom in Kumbakonam consulted? No, yet it is distinctly laid down in the despatch of 1854; that these should be consulted before the passing of the Act. In my opinion Elementary Education, if it cannot improve the pay and prospects of teachers, will prove a curse and not a blessing. The Elementary Education Act has become a settled fact. In these days of hasty legislation, unless settled facts become unsettled, and cease to be settled, there can be no hope of salvation. The British Government is like a mighty railway train dashing on at sixty or seventy miles an hour, which, when it once goes wrong, goes straight to its doom. In my opinion, if funds are not found by Government, to improve Elementary Education, it is doomed altogether. Why should Elementary Education be compulsory? Can adherence to a system of intellectual conscription do any good.? It will even be injurious to the English rule. For financial and administrative reasons of decisive weight, the Government of India from the time of Dalhousie to the time of Lord Reading backed up (by educational experts refused to recognise this principle. The apparent policy these sixty-six years has been to increase the rates of fees in Elementary, Secondary and Collegiate institu-

tions. In spite of this settled policy, the New Act has been passed. It has come like a thunder-bolt on elementary teachers and managers. I have grave fears and misgivings myself as the manager of a large elementary school.

It is a thousand pities that our ancient civilisation, the admiration of the civilised world has been forgotten, and that History is not properly studied. You will be surprised and delighted to hear that not only elementary education, but secondary and collegiate education was free in Ancient India that students had not to pay fees, that they were fed, clothed, taught and protected from every ailment in the Gurukulams, and that the entire net cost was borne by Government in every institution from the pial school upwards. It was a most simple and beautiful system. The pial school system, the growth of at least sixty-eight centuries of a most wonderful civilisation, has disappeared, has been killed by neglect, non-recognition and contempt in less than sixty-eight years by the glamour of English Education. This education has the wonderful power of supplanting slowly and undermining surely every other system, with which it comes into contact. The introduction of this western education among eastern peoples is invariably followed by disintegration and even death. Its poison does not harm the snake, but is death to everything it comes into contact with. The system of elementary education in ancient India was free, cheap and universal, without the odiousness of legal compulsion. Even higher education, the highest education was cheap in Ancient India. Our Sastras and Puranas make education free and cheap so that the poorest of the poor who had a fascination for higher education may profit by it and become a tower of strength to the Government. The educated are the most loyal, and law abiding, being the warmest admirers of the Government. In India the intellectual Indians are the poorest of the poor.

Sir Valentine Chirol observed "the western educated classes in South India show greater mental balance than in any

other part of India. Western Education has been a study and a more solid growth in South India". Mr. Ramsay Macdouald says "Although Indians are quite willing to pay for the education of their children the tradition of the country is, that education should be free and must be one of the open doors and the free invitation to enter." In ancient India therefore all education, elementary secondary and collegiate was free and not compulsory. The Sastras and the Puranas condemned a man to an inferior birth in his next janma (life), if he died without imparting his learning to a worthy pupil—In this life, his life became a waste. This sastraic injunction made any learned professor or scholar seek worthy pupils, whom they fed, clothed and taught. Hence the wonderful phenomenon of Rishi Boudhayana imparting instruction to thousands of disciples whom he fed, clothed and taught and watched with paternal solicitude. They paid nothing by way of fees. The Rishi considered himself amply recompensed if his pupils spread learning and followed his principles. Goutama Rishi andRishi Kanva also had more thanthousands, of pupils. The wisest, and most learned among them was Agasthiya, the saint, the sage, the scholar, whom we all adore, whom Sri Rama approached with profound veneration and modesty. All these were styled "Kulapathies."

The discipline was such as to create an atmosphere from which students could imbibe social, moral, intellectual and spiritual influences. The education I have referred to was an all round one, the aim of which was to form character—the crown and glory of life—to shape the manners and morals and to develop in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible and to draw out to their utmost limit all the susceptibilities of his nature. Lycurgus the Spartan law-giver has borne testimony to the moral and spiritual character of this education. Before giving law to the Spartans he travelled to India to learn philosophy from the teachers in their Gurukulams, where every student was called upon every day before he sat

down to dinner, to give an account of some good he had done every day, either by meditation or action. This was the characteristic of our wonderful civilisation. To a modern professor in these days all this is unmeaning nonsense. To him money is God and Time is Money. His instincts are mercantile. This is the teaching of their material civilisation, where as our ancient civilisation was a highly spiritualised one.

In those ancient days when India was morally and spiritually great, it was also commercially great, industrially great. It was the land of fabled wealth, the land of gold, silver, and precious stones in the eyes of all Europe. Then it was that our Rajahs bore all the expenses of education, elementary secondary, and collegiate, even higher than these highest in these days. As no fees were levied by the Gurukula authorities, the whole net cost, cent per cent, not sixty per cent as in these days, was borne by the Government and yet India was teeming with wealth, the richest country in the world. Mohamed of Gazni took from Somanath gold, diamonds etc. of incalculable value, not to speak of Tamirlane, Nadir Shah each of whom took from India several crores. The pearl ear ring of Cleopatra, the pearl presented by Julius Cæsar to the mother of Brutus, the Pitt diamond, and the Kohinoor diamond, the most famous in the world, were all taken from India to England. The highest reach of thought possible for the human intellect stands to the credit of our civilisation, to the greatness of which the greatest European Scholars like Prof. Max Muller Schopenhoaur Deusson etc., have borne flattering testimony.

I have much to say on Physical culture but I shall only glance at is utility and its importance. Physical exercise is essential to the vigour of body and mind. The body is like a machine and to keep it fit for work it must have rest Rest after work is the privilege of man. Rest means so using the body as to give pleasure to the mind. Exercise, in the openair is as necessary as study. Indiginous sports are more suited and cheaper, whereas Tennis, and Cricket are costly. If any

thing conducive to health and strength, is based on rules of Caste or religion, it is not to be despised on that account. In our country, Pranayamam, Suryanamaskaram, and the various 'asanams' of a Yogi are excercises peculiarly suited to those who posses religious and spiritnal instinct. Pranayama expands the chest sooner than any other kind of exercise. Boys in schools may prefer sports to other forms of exercise for the reason that sports create a spirit of union and the habit of discipline, patience, courage etc. In these days of advanced physical exercise where ample provision is made for every kind of athletic activity in this college, I read with surprise in the college report the passage referring to the physical degeneration of the present day boys.

I now turn to religious and moral instruction, which I had thought of in 1887, long before others and the Government thought of it. Moral Education may be defined as instruction in the Science and art of conduct, to make the student modest well behaved courteous, wise and learned. Locke, the English Philosopher said :—" Instruction is but the least part of Education that which any one desires for his son is contained in these four things:—virtue wisdom good breeding and learning," thus he placed learning last. The highest moral instruction is contained in our Upanishads, the Bhagavat Gita, Manu and the Ramayana especially, which has exercised the greatest influence on the formation of character for thousands of years. Sri Rama was the greatest embodiment of Dharma and the incarnation of everything good and great. Even in these times of advanced civilisation Marshal Foch, who commanded the united armies against the Germans wrote. "The moral factor is the most important in war. The will to conquer sweeps all before it." This moral factor is what we call righteousness or Dharma a more comprehensive term. Lord Haldane in his address in 1913 in America before the Bar-association regretted that no language had a word like Dharma He said in the English language we have no word for it and this is very unfortunate. No other word in any language can express the idea which Dharma connotes. A recent writer says, " Recent events have shown in a theatrical light that we deny moral consciousness (Dharma) not only at our peril, but at the penalty of the existance of man from this planet in the future. Mankind will have sometime or other to rely on the moral order or will cease to be mankind. Thus the violation of Dharma, the essence of our religion brings ruin—irreparable ruin."

It cannot be denied that the present is a most critical moment for the cause of education. The effect of the present day secular education on our nationality is calculated to weaken it more and more, to denationalize us to unsettle us, to undermine our traditions our am affections, our faith in our religions and in our philosophy, in our literature. This education has created a spirit of irreverence, demoralisation and denationalisation, aud scepticism,—the tendency of which may be put thus in the language of Carlyle. "We have reached the comfortable conclusion that God is a myth, that the soul is a gas, that the next world is a coffin." Lord Curzon addressing the students of the Rajkumar College said " If this institution is to emancipate its students from old fashioned prejudices or superstitions at the cost of denationalisation, I for one think the price too heavy. The anglicised Indian is not a more attractive spectacle in my eyes than an Indianised Englishman Both are hybrids of an unnatural type. Though educated in western curricula they should still be Indians, true to their beliefs, true to their traditions and true to their own people." Can any advice be more useful or valuable, more unselfish, just and impartial? The Government of India after long thought and discussion with experts, bore testimony to this irreverence and denationalisation in their resolution of the 21st of February 1913. " The most thoughtful minds in India lament the tendency of the existing systems of education to develop the intellectual at the expense of the religious and moral faculties; "and clearly laid down the principle that religious and moral education alone could cure this evil. This brings us to the subject of moral and religious instruction—The want of which is one of the erying evils of the present system. The late Sir T. Muthuswami Aiyer referring to it said in his address in my school in 1889, " It is likely to check the tendency to irreligion and to denationalisation and to neutralize the usettling effects which English education is considered to have upon the youth of this country." It was his system of moral training that brought into existence Rishis, Maharishis, Maharajas, and evolved types of character which are the admiration of the whole civilised world. The like of them in valour, heroism, courage, in intellectual ability, in moral perfection and in spiritual greatness is not to be seen in any other part of the world ancient or modern. Some of these were, Vashista Visvamitra, Vasudeva, Valmiki, Vyasa, Vidhyaranya, Yagyavalkiya, Panini, Pathanjali, Naradha, Manu Marichi, Kapila, Kanada, Kulapathi Kanva, Kalidasa, Jaimini,

Gautama, Bharadhwaja, Boudhayana, Bhavabuti, Athri, Asvalayana, Apasthamba, Agastiya, etc. Among kings were Ikshvaku, Raghu, Harischandra, Yuddhistira, Sri Rama, etc. Among women Anusuya, Arundhadhi, Droupathi, Damayanti, Gargia, Mandothari, Rukmini, Savitri, Sita,– the loftiest ideal of Hindu-womanhood, and the perfect model of chastity,– all learned in the Shastras, the noblest and grandest ideals among women.

The second evil is the system of lecturing, which has supplanted the old system of catechising which perhaps gave sounder training and a freer scope for the development of the capacity for observation, reflection and self-culture.

The third evil is the multiplicity of examinations condemned by all in England as well as in India. What is condemned in England is carried to extremes in India. In 1888, Professor Max Muller, Frederick Harrison, and thirty-five other distinguished men of letters, protested strongly against examinations. Froude and Lord Curzon also condemned the system. Froude wrote "To cram a lad's mind with infinite names of things, which he never handled, places he never saw or will see, statements of facts which he cannot possibly understand, and must remain merely words to him, this in my opinion is like loading his stomach with marbles." Lord Curzon said impressively the memory is not the mind and yet we go on sharpening the memory of our students encouraging them to the application of purely mnemonic tests stuffing the brains with an abra-cadabra, of physics, algebrs, logic etc. In our own country, the late Sir, T. Muthuswami Aiyer said "this is an age of public examinations, and the number which one has to pass before one enters life, is rather formidable. It is difficult not to pity native parents when they struggle to materialize in their vernacular the obstruse and learned vocabulary of the examination department and complain that their children, young as they are, are driven by the action of the examination machinery to anticipate a little too soon the anxieties and ordeals of real life." The late Sir, V. Bashyam Aiyangar said in his convocation address "I have no doubt that these examinations have a most baneful effect, that they encourage cram, subject the tender mind to unwholesome strain, and interfere with that freedom of the teachers without which he degenerates into a grinding machine"

I feel I shall be wanting in the sense of duty, if I do not on this occasion refer to the work done till now after the time

of Messrs, Porter and Gopal Rao. Ever since their days the College has steadily risen in strength and usefulness. In these early days neither the hostel nor the tutorial system, nor the Kumbakonam college Old Boys' Association, nor the College Journal, nor the Students' Co-operative Stationery Society, nor the Canoe Club existed. All these have come into existence in the last fifteen years and afford clear evidence of much intellectual and physical activity. The work of the college has been continued with vigour and success by a number of distinguished graduates of great ability and learning. I have only to observe in conclusion that the good results of the Kumbakonam college during recent years reflect the highest praise on the Principal, and the lecturers.

Long experience has taught us this truth—that no great thing can ever be achieved or accomplished without strenuous labour, without industry and perseverence. Nature herself sets an example. Geologists say that the coral reefs which spring from depths, which no plumb can sound, are produced by myriads of tiniest insects, working on silently through centuries Another element of success is patience. If the progress is slow don't feel uneasy, don't give up what you do not understand, understand it and make sure of it. Never look behind, he who does so is lost ; the traveller who looks behind cannot reach his journey's end. Your watch word should be that of Blutchers, the Prussian general "Forwards" in the Napoleanic wars. Then alone you will conquer. The more you conquer, the more you will have to conquer as the domains of knowledge are illimitable and infinite. Even if you happen to be in the senior B. A. class, you are now only on the lowest of the steps leading to the temple of knowledge, the shrine of wisdom Then alone you will see how small and insignificant you are. The more a man knows, the more conscious he becomes of the little that he knows, of the much that he can never know. The wisest man is the most modest and humble among men. Arrogance and vanity are the characteristics of the puffed up pedant, Cowper says,

"Knowledge is proud that he has learnt so much—wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Another poet says :

Knowledge is like a knight-errant of old ;
Vaunting his prowess, eager for the fray ;
Armed capapie with peacock plumings gay,

Self confident, and venture seeking, bold :
He roams throughout the world ready to hold,
Tourney against all comers day by day,
He enters magic caves without dismay.
And sees strange sights which others never beheld.
But wisdom is his meek-eyed lady love
Whom if he wins not he is nothing worth,
Now, casting down her modest eyes on earth,
Now heavenward, trustful he herself doth try
And broodeth over her own heart silently
Timid, but constant, patient as a dove

I have only one word more to say to you, students. You have all heard that knowledge is power. So it is; so it was in Ancient India, when Rishis and Maharishis, by the force of their 'thapas' and the perfection of their knowledge achieved anything that they chose. The aim of education is not to get a living or acquire a competence or to secure influence, but to form character and to form the complete man by drawing out all the susceptibilities and perfection of which man is capable. This was the old ideal and this ought to be your ideal also. It is the prerogative of the scholar to extend the benefits of his education for the advancement, of his fellow men. I don't say more, I pray you to take home with you what I have said. Amplify it for yourselves by reflection. If your conscience tells you that it is correct, then act upon it; you need not take it on trust.

THE CHARGE OF THE NIGHT BRIGADE.

Half an inch, half an inch
Half an inch on ward,
All in the Hostel rooms
Swept the Nine Howndred.
"Forward the Night Brigade !
Charge for the boys" he said.
Upon the nodding heads
Sprang the Nine Hundred.
"Forward the Night Brigade"!
Was there a wing unspread ?
Though each mosquito knew
No one had wondered :
Theirs' not to cease the fight,

Theirs' not to sprink from light,
Theirs' but to sing and bite:
Into the Central Hall
Dropt the Nine Hundred.

Tobacco to right of them,
Tobacco to left of them,
Tobacco in front of them
Snored and pounded:
Scratched, crushed and gored,
Boldly they flew and roared,
Up the watchman's nose
Through the students' yawns
Yelled the Nine Hundred.

Flashed all their winged ire,
Flashed as they hummed in choir
Storming the nostrils entire,
Charging the boarders, while
All the servants slumbered:
Exploded the 'Thundering Sir'
Discharged the students far:
The ideal and the idle
Itched from the tobacco work
Shattered and sundered.

Then they flew back, but not
Not the Nine Hundred.
Tobacco to right of them
Tobacco to left of them
Tobacco behind them
Snored and pounded:
Scratched, crushed and gored,
While the mosquitos poured:
The strong-teethed heroic horde
Flew through the gaping jaws
Out from the grinding drones
All that was left of them
Left of Nine Hudred.

Why should their glory fade?
That 'Kumb'kon' Mosquito Charge!
All the world adored.
Honour the music they made!
Honour the Night Brigade!
The noble Nine Hundred!

SALEMIUS.

THE COLLEGE SPORTS.

This year as usual we had our Sports just before the college closed for the Michael-mass holidays (9-9-22). The following were the successful competitors in the various events.

CLASS I.

One Mile I. Narayanaswami S. II. Dandapani S. K.
III. Balaraman S.

Half Mile I. Narayanaswami S. K. II. Venkataraman G.

Quarter Mile I. Narayanaswami S. K. II. Venkataraman G.

Hundred Yards I. Sarangapani K. II. Venkataraman G.

120 *Yards* I. Sarangapani K. II. Parthasaradhi T. G.

Long Jump I. Sambamurthi H. N. II. Krishnamurti N.

High Jump I. Purushothaman T.P. II. Dandapani S.
Sarangapani K.

Consolation Race I. Vaidyanathan S.

Kicking the Foot-ball Sarangapani K.

Slow Cycle Race Srinivasan K.

Mathematics Trikes No winner.

Flag Race Hostel Team.

Police Tug Constables.

Old Boy and Staff Race I. Palaniswami S. II. Venugopalan.

Pole Jump Dandapani S.

Stilts Dandapani S.

Gymnastics I. Dandapani S. II. Varadarajan N.

Tug of War College Team.

CLASS II.

220 *Yards* I. Raghavan T. S. II. Vaidyanathaswami S.

Half Mile I. Krishnaswami S. II. Srinivasan N. V.

Quarter Mile I. Raghavan T. S. II. Krishnaswami S.

Hundred Yards I. Raghavan T. S. II. Vaidyanathaswami S.

120 *Yards Hurdles* I. Raghavan T. S. II. Rajam V.

Long Jump I. Raghavan T. S. II. Govinda Kaimal C.

High Jump I. Govinda Kaimal. II. Raghavan T. S.
Krishnaswami S.

Consolation Race Narayanan R.

APXENDIX.

The following is a summary in tabular form of the results of the statistical survey of the bodily measurements of the Kumbakonam College Boys. Side by side is also given, for comparison a similar summary of the results of the observations made on English boys by an English doctor.

Serial No.	No. of observations made.	Age on 1st Aug.	Girth of average 1922 of Kumbakonam College Boy.	Weight of average Kumbakonam. College Boy.	Height of average Kumbakonam College Boy.		Weight of average English Boy.	Height of average English Boy.
1	10	15	28·3"	97·2 lbs.	5'1·8"		107·2 lbs.	5'1·5"
2	35	16	29·1"	100·4 lbs.	5'3·9"		117·5 lbs.	5'3·4"
3	67	17	29 5"	103·8 lbs.	5'3·8"		126 3 lbs.	5'6 0"
4	67	18	30 3"	108 8 lbs	5'4·3"		134·8 lbs.	5'7 0"
5	47	19	30·6"	112 0 lbs.	5'4 7"		139 3 lbs.	5'7 3"
6	41	20	30 9"	110 2 lbs.	5'4·7"		143·0 lbs.	5'7·5"
7	38	21	31·1"	109·7 lbs.	5'4·7"		145 0 lbs.	5'7 6"
8	20	22	31 9"	119·2 lbs.	5'4.6"		146·5 lbs.	5'7 6"